THE BORDER STORY CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE NATION

APRIL 24, 1976 50 cents

Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

JAMES STENTZEL
Vietnam Unlearned
OUR DEADLY GAME IN KOREA

COLD-WAR BUDGET
Capitol Hill
Armed to the Teeth
PAUL R. WIECK

HOW TO CURB THE FBI **JERRY J. BERMAN**

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THEATRE Harold Clurman TELEVISION Peter Sourian
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LETTERS

talk on SALT

Pasadena, Calif.

Many thanks for John Holum's chillingly authenticated timely reminder that SALT agreements are more shuck than substance ["The SALT Sell: Or, Who Will Bell the Pentagon?," *The Nation*, Mar. 20].

It contains, however, two points on which I wish to comment:

(*1*) "The 1962 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty flowed from President Eisenhower's unilateral suspension of tests, and President Kennedy's patient maintenance of the same approach." Despite a substantial effort to mobilize popular opinion to dissuade him from doing so, Kennedy resumed atmospheric nuclear testing in March 1962. Having satisfied Pentagon hawks that they could have this last round of data from atmospheric tests he then *returned to* Eisenhower's unilateral suspension. Since Holum wants us to learn from current Presidential candidates "where, how, and how often they'll say 'no' to the generals and admirals" he needs to be accurate about the precedents from predecessors that teach us how monumentally difficult this task is going to be.

(*2*) (Real national security needs) "should concentrate instead on the single sane and achievable mission of nuclear weapons—to deter war." Though I hope not to live to see the holocaust that results if this mission fails, I do not assent that such a mission is "achievable." And achievable or not, no policy that relies on the threat of near genocide to deter genocide is *sane*!

Everett C. Frost

Murphy's code

Greenwood, Miss.

"Robert Murphy: Codebreakers' Delight," by David Kahn [*The Nation*, Mar. 20], contains accusations against Mr. Murphy that are totally false and without foundation.

As Special Assistant and Consul in Algiers from 1941 to 1944 I was in charge of all coded messages, both incoming and outgoing. We used three codes. The Brown book, as Kahn stated and we knew, could be found in second-hand bookstores. This code we used in sending daily weather reports and messages of no importance to deceive the Germans. The second code was the State Department strip code used in reporting internal French politics and economic conditions but never used for any top-secret reports. The third code system was for top-secret reports and was furnished to us by cryptanalysts of the Navy. The key to this code was changed every week and only Mr. Murphy and I knew what the key number was from week to week. This code was never broken by the Germans. . . .

I consider President Ford's appointment of Mr. Murphy as head of the new Intelligence panel a tribute to his tested ability and long experience in intelligence service.

John H. Boyd

Great Neck, N.Y.

Mr. Boyd is correct that three cipher systems were used, but the two better ones were not put into service until after the episode I describe. The Germans solved strip cipher messages, but never fast enough to get useful intelligence from them. They never broke any U.S. Navy cryptosystem. Later in the war, the Americans may have used the Brown code for deception—though I always doubt such stories, in part because they are after the fact, in part because such messages would probably confuse the home government more than they would the foe. Despite Mr. Boyd's loyal defense, the facts remain that in the summer of 1941, Murphy stubbornly rejected expert advice for a petty bureaucratic reason, sent triple-priority messages in a code the Germans read, and cost the Allies the valuable services of a friendly leader.

David Kahn

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

To Arms, To Arms!

Those who were entertaining the fantasy that Congress might act to check the Ford administration's swollen defense budget saw that dream go up in smoke the other day. In an election campaign in which all the candidates except Morris Udall are agreed that keeping the United States "number one" is the number-one issue, it is depressing to see the House go along with this nonsense—even, incredibly, increasing the money the Pentagon had demanded by two whole billions of dollars.

The defense budget is still winding its way through the House, and the Senate's scrutiny, to flatter that arms-loving body, lies ahead, but the House action would increase this country's "defense" bill to an amazing $115 billion. It is possible, but not very likely, that the extra layers of fat will be cut out of the defense budget as it moves from mere authorization to actual appropriation.

It is all the more astonishing and enraging that this super-inflation of arms spending should occur at a time when the news is still fresh that the American arms business is riddled with every kind of corruption at home and abroad. Lockheed, the giant of bribery, and all its little brothers in the international boodle business might just as well never have had their dirty linen thrust under our noses. Dr. Malcolm R. Currie, the Pentagon's research and engineering chief, gets a wrist slap for his acceptance of free trips to the Caribbean from the Pentagon's big clients, and his case is typical of the institutionalized corruption that marks the defense moguls who shuttle between arms contractors and "public service" without for one minute changing their corporate spots.

All this has obviously not had the slightest effect on Congress as it contemplates how much "security" this country must buy from a handful of arms makers. The recent House action was distinguished by a curious twist, an invention of that odd and infinitely persuasive figurehead of the Navy's nuclear establishment, Vice Adm. Hyman G. Rickover. (Incidentally, he was a mentor of Jimmy Carter during the ex-Governor's seagoing days, and that does not fill us with confidence about the Democratic front runner's bases for judgment on defense matters.)

Rickover succeeded once again in persuading the House Armed Services Committee to add a billion or so to the Pentagon's money request in order to build yet another nuclear-powered carrier, even though his hierarchical superiors in the defense establishment want instead to strengthen the flotillas of less expensive vessels (which the likes of former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger are always telling us lag in numbers far behind the Russian fleet).

The one faint hope of checking this runaway defense budget, in the House at least, lies in an attempt by two Democrats (Robert Giaimo of Connecticut and Les Aspin of Wisconsin) to force a floor vote which would have the effect of requiring a choice between the size of the defense budget and the size of the federal deficit.

One must ask oneself why the House is stampeding down the number-one trail in headlong pursuit of all the

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Presidential hopefuls except Udall (who keeps saying that he is for a substantial cut in defense spending, while Jimmy Carter contents himself with an "efficiency"-producing 5 per cent cut). The answer is discouraging and sheds a bleak light on the current state of American politics (see Paul R. Wieck's article in this issue).

There would seem to be four factors at work. The first is that cuts in defense spending are held to mean cuts in employment—a truly appalling confession of policy bankruptcy in all sectors of the national government. Then comes the current unpopularity, at least along the campaign trail, of the policy of "détente," with an increasingly isolated Henry Kissinger, visibly abandoned by the President, unable to stem the tide of reaction against his one serious contribution to the state of the nation and the world. Next comes the shared rhetoric of fashionable contempt for the idea that any good can come from government programs in the domestic area ("big government doesn't work"). Finally, and tragically, there is the fact that the United States is now in effect the sole guarantor of the existence of the state of Israel, since Europe is now so beholden to its Arab oil suppliers that no help for this embattled country can be expected from that quarter; this fact is translated into powerful political support for an enormous American arms effort.

All these considerations work on the administration and, even more strongly, on Congress to push ever higher the amount that is allocated for the national defense—so-called. Business, unions, pressure groups and the employed and unemployed are caught in a cycle of impulses to pump money into a faltering economy through the only device the policy makers can envisage—spending on arms.

There seems to be no way to end this cycle short of a radical change of personnel and policies at the top of the government. And only one of the candidates (Udall, we repeat) is even discussing the question with any seriousness.

Jerry Brown Rides the Trends

The time may have come to take a metaphysical meat ax to the "thinking" of California's Jerry Brown. That blunt an instrument would be required. Governor Brown, a declared candidate for President, has been uttering aphorisms for weeks now and the press has been so dazzled by his popularity (85 per cent approval rating in his own state and ahead of Jackson and Udall in the national polls) that it has solemnly reported the Sayings of Chairman Brown without noting the peculiar quality of the sustained mantras from Sacramento.

The truth is that the ritualistic or devotional formulas (as a dictionary defines "mantra") being spouted by Governor Brown these days are heavy with arrant nonsense. Riding the crest of the current "anti-government wave, this trendy politician ranges in his speeches from delphic riddles on the nature of government to mystical pronouncements on the nature of man himself. He seems unable to decide between the styles of Greek oracles and Indian gurus.

His latest saying is that cities may have to go in the new civilization he aims to represent. He told the *New York Post* in a recent interview that "if you take an historic (he meant "historical") view, cities are a recent phenomenon

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and that trend may now be reversing." Brown obviously doesn't want to miss any trends on his way to the White House. There was, however, a certain trace of modesty in his formulas for our urban society. He told the *Post*, "I just don't feel that I can give you the ultimate, final, definitive vision for New York City. . . . I'm open to ideas."

He was also restrained in his ideas about the Presidency, declaring that to give out any plans he might have would be "overstating and overselling what the role of any human being is. . . . The President is one person. He's a human being. No big deal." But between the lines, beyond the ellipses and through the haze, a programmatic notion or two shyly showed their heads. Brown the seer is against federalizing the welfare system because Social Security has "created tremendous amounts of problems." He doubts the military budget can be cut much. He wants the United States to "reassert itself as a world leader." He thinks Jimmy Carter's ideas on executive branch reorganization are "overblown." "The federal government," says Brown, "has to play a role consistent with maximum decentralization." And so on.

Governor Brown's anti-government policies in California have often resulted in turning problems of the state over to private industry. Is that decentralization? Not at all. It is simply transferring the problems of this complicated society from big government to big business, where controls in the interests of the public are even harder to apply.

Gov. Jerry Brown has clearly developed no serious ideas on government and politics. He is all style and no substance. Reports on him belong in the fashion pages of the newspapers. It is an astonishing commentary on the frivolity of this election year's politics that Brown should even be considered for the White House.

Past Imperative

Journals of opinion, which seek to find some fleeting reality in the here and now, are more dependent than most on the work of historians. Nevertheless, the statement by the current head of the Organization of American Historians (12,000-strong), Dr. Frank Freidel of Harvard, that "there's never been a greater need for professionally trained historians than today" strikes an odd note.

Freidel made that remark at the recent convention of his organization in St. Louis, noting sadly that unemployment has struck the ranks of the rising generation of historians and that, if the present trend continues, only one in ten of them can expect to find jobs in the 1980s. His prescription was for a drastic cut in the production of Ph.D.s in American history plus, inevitably, a sort of WPA for historians to enable them to work on "innumerable potential research and writing projects."

At a time when a right-wing President blocks the timid efforts of Congress to put the millions of hard-up unemployed industrial workers back to work through federal spending programs, Freidel's proposal for the historians is mere whistling in a strong wind of reaction. The out-of-work disciples of Clio will know from the past what slim chances they have for such a program.

One hesitates to ask the philistine question—why are American historians needed now more than ever? But the question won't go away. Perhaps Freidel thinks it will take a whole new brigade of researchers to dig us out from the mountains of mistaken or misleading sentimentalism that has marked most of the celebrations of our Bicentennial. He may have a point there, but how many more excavations will we need to uncover those rich new lodes of correction? We must leave that computation to the professionals, sympathizing with the unemployed students of the American past, disagreeing with Matthew Arnold's description of history as "that huge Mississippi of falsehood" and recalling the dictum that those who forget their history are condemned to repeat it. May the young historians find employment and may they write their works in such a way that we cannot forget them!

Ring Around the Atom

In the mysterious and deadly world of nuclear weaponry, any kind of agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union gives occasion for at least a cheer and a half. That much rejoicing was justified on April 10 when we learned that the two superpower governments had agreed on the text of a treaty (which our Senate must of course ratify) that limits the size of underground nuclear explosions for "peaceful" purposes. It is not much of a limitation, in fact, since the ceiling was set at 150 kilotons, seven and a half times that of the Hiroshima blast.

But the text provided for one element which the United States has always tried for in these endless discussions of the Armageddon question and which the Russians have hitherto resisted. There is to be an on-site inspection system of a sort, one which Secretary Kissinger promptly hailed as "an important symbolic step." So perhaps this text is worth a cheer and three-quarters.

On the very next day, while the rafters were still faintly ringing, a *New York Times* headline read "U.S.-Soviet Arms Talks Are Deadlocked." The story was attributed to "top Administration officials" (read "Kissinger"). Half an acre of newsprint followed, attempting to set forth, despite a cloud of ambiguities, the responsibility for the deadlock. Was it the Americans or the Russians who put on an icy shelf the agreement in principle of Ford and Brezhnev at Vladivostok to set ceilings on the number of offensive missiles each side could possess?

One remembers that when the two met in that Russian city on the Pacific in late 1974 and reached agreement on the numbers, it was widely noted that the new ceiling was higher than what then existed, and for that reason was looked on as something less than a breakthrough. Now even that demi-breakthrough has broken down.

Who and where is the villain of this latest SALT failure? It is generally said that the Russians doubt that any serious agreement is possible on this life-and-death question during the course of an American Presidential campaign. Some observers believe that the Kremlin's Americanologists would prefer to do business with the next President, whoever that may be, and not with what may soon be the *ancien régime*.

But the seriousness of the Ford administration's desire to take "the next step" is also highly questionable. The *Times* story of the deadlock, for which Kissinger is clearly the source, is full of references to obstacles put in the way

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of any agreement by the political factors at work in Washington this election season. Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld is portrayed as insistently raising the ante by demanding that the Russians' Backfire bomber be included in a certain way under the ceiling. Rumsfeld, a politician to the core, looks at all these strategic questions with both eyes firmly fixed on the political problems they raise for candidate Ford. This means that he is alert to the reactions of Ronald Reagan, the Republicans' superhawk, and of Senator Jackson, the Democrats' equivalent bird. And they, of course, are hostile to any agreement with the Russians, even if it were written in the blood of every single member of the Politburo.

And so the appearance is given of a negotiation on nuclear arms limitations, but without any substance at all. Henry Kissinger goes on doing his thing (which is to talk to the Russians and to the American press, both in secret), knowing full well that nothing will come of it unless a political miracle persuades the President that it is to his partisan advantage to make a nuclear agreement with the Russians in the year 1976.

And it may snow on the Fourth of July.

Cloister or Cockpit?

NET's popular prime-time serial, *The Adams Chronicles*, recalled in a recent installment an anecdote involving *The Nation* a century ago. Charles Francis Adams Jr., committed to the new dynamism of post-Civil War America, in which big business and politics were corruptly combined, panned one of his brother Henry's works in an anonymous review published in our pages. Charles was piqued because, with no success, he had been urging Henry to abandon the world of Harvard academia and "not to hide away in some ivory tower."

There is an irony here, one related to the fact that the perennial conflict between the world of the scholar-writer and that of the business-politico tycoon was already emerging in the America of the 1870s. In *The Education of Henry Adams*, the author makes clear that he does not wish to demean himself in "the system," and prefers the aloofness of the man of letters.

Charles and his ilk could snicker at Henry's pessimistic, skeptical and gloomy outlook. But although the merits of working within or without the system have yet to be resolved, if Henry had owned a crystal ball he might have won his own argument on the spot. Surely the likes of Henry Kissinger and Daniel Patrick Moynihan might have served both their country and themselves better had they followed Henry's example and remained at their Harvard posts rather than making themselves colorful actors of political melodrama. Their recent exploits and those of several other scholars who saw fit to follow such careers would seem to offer an open and shut case for Henry Adams.

It might also be a good idea to reflect upon whether Henry, who so vehemently attacked Jay Gould and other plundering industrialists, would be content to see his life wrapped up for public consumption a century later in a mass-audience format sponsored by such organizations as Atlantic Richfield and the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation. These days neither the professor's sanctum nor the dignity of high office will protect a man's reputation from being packaged in the interest of the multinationals' public relations. As for *The Nation*, it is still our role to heed Henry's advice and keep plugging at the targets which, as in a shooting gallery, continue to pop up on all sides as fast as we can squeeze off the next round.

A Whiff of Preventive Detention

MARK PINSKY

Durham

From those wonderful folks who gave you Richard Nixon: according to a Duke University news release, law school Dean A. Kenneth Pye is "quietly urging limited use of preventive detention . . . during serious civil disorders."

Writing in the current *Journal of Duke Law School* (alma mater of Richard Nixon, LL.B., '37), the dean recommends that "persons who constitute an unacceptable risk of danger" be detained "until the end of the riot, or perhaps no more than ninety-six hours, and detainees should be entitled to a preliminary hearing to assure there is probable cause for charging them with crimes."

Pye, who served as chancellor of the university during the turbulent years of the early 1970s, was known to have a low boiling point during incidents of student unrest. Preventive detention, he says, "is not too high a price to exact from a defendant" in exchange for "restoration of order and protection of the persons and property of the citizenry." This, he says, would merely recognize the obvious—that courts "have practiced preventive detention (by either denying bail or setting it at an unattainably high amount) although rarely admitting it"—and thus permit the law "to reflect what the public expects, and what the judges will do" rather than "pay lip service to maintaining constitutional safeguards . . . when it is known in advance that the system will break down" in an emergency.

In addition to civil disorders like Watts and Detroit, which are cited in the text, the former chancellor clearly has the student and anti-war demonstrations of the past decade in mind when he writes:

> In some civil disturbances, the courts will also be faced with defendants who will probably resume participation in the disorder as soon as they are released from custody, but who are unlikely to commit any serious offenses. Nevertheless, their release will place a burden upon police and make restoration of order more difficult with the consequent inconvenience to law abiding citizens, turn the judicial process into a revolving door and possibly threaten the ability of the government to function, as was the case with the Washington May Day of 1971.

In a passage that would do honor to Duke University's other notable contribution to the federal judiciary, Harrold

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Carswell (A.B., '41), Pye observes that "neither the serious offender nor the minor offender is being detained because he is presumed guilty . . . each will be given an opportunity to have a trial in which guilt will be determined as soon as it is reasonably possible to do so—at the end of the emergency."

Not all of Pye's colleagues at the law school agree with his proposal. William Van Alstyne, professor of constitutional law and national board member of the American Civil Liberties Union, says he "respectfully disagrees" with a number of the dean's recommendations. However, Van Alstyne, who led campaigns against confirmation of Carswell and in support of Nixon's impeachment, maintains that the overall plan is "less horrendous" than local publicity would indicate, since there are several "counterbalancing gains" for individual civil liberties in the article.

Dean Pye's remarks should not be dismissed as the ramblings of either an academic crank or a cranky academic. His predecessor was appointed to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit and Pye was himself nominated by Nixon (on the recommendation of Sen. Sam Ervin) to the U.S. Military Court of Appeals before he withdrew his name. The 45-year-old Democrat is young enough to be considered a likely candidate for an upper-level appointment in the Justice Department in some future administration, or for the federal bench.

For a time, during the last crumbling days of the Nixon administration, irate students regularly "kidnapped" the oil portrait of the President which hung in the law school's moot courtroom. Dean Pye is reported to have wondered aloud where Duke, which even today, as it did then, awards a legal scholarship in Nixon's name, could safely hang the painting. A law student piped up, "behind bars, where it belongs." The dour dean was not amused.

DOPE & JOBS: THE BORDER STORY

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Nowadays a kind of intuitive consensus on the part of the mutually imitative mass media determines what is "news" and what isn't. As a result, a few stories, often of limited importance, receive saturation coverage, while others, of much greater import, are underreported, if not wholly neglected. The result is a pervasive boredom and the appearance of dull news. The electronic media, we are constantly reminded, are at their best and most entertaining when they can cover action stories that photograph to advantage. But consider in that context the minimal national coverage devoted to an ongoing story of major importance: the chaotic state of affairs which currently prevails along the extended Mexican-American border. The story is colorful, dramatic, superbly visual, with tragic and comic aspects, an amazing cast of characters; with action, violence and spectacular scenery. Yet while a few good "spot" news stories about isolated aspects of the border drama appear now and then, the mass media have failed to sense what is happening, much less define the consequences.

From the border community of Sasabe, Ariz., Richard S. Wheeler reports in *The Wall Street Journal* (January 7) that Mexico has replaced Europe as the major source of heroin smuggled into the United States and that Sasabe has the distinction of being one of the major smuggling points. An estimated 20 per cent of the illegal drugs now entering this country flow across this section of the border. Small low-flying planes simply skip over the border at night, drop their cargoes at predetermined points, and return. Federal officials use air-to-air radar and other sophisticated gadgetry to spot these planes and now and then one crashes, but the traffic continues. Wheeler quotes one official as saying that until quite recently as many as 150 illegal flights were staged every day in this area. Even if one discounts this estimate, and I do, the traffic is still spectacular. Nor is it confined to the western end of the border. Similar flights take place along the eastern end—as *The Nation* has reported (see "The Marijuana Flying Circus" by Mike Edelhart, September 27, 1975)—from points in South America and the Caribbean as well as Mexico. And a lot of smuggling goes on by older means. In Mexico, the new billion-dollar drug industry is having some extraordinary consequences: "fleets of shiny American cars stand in front of adobes that couldn't support a burro" and, at the same time, guerrilla activity is creating a nightmarish situation for the *nouveau riche* on their haciendas (*The Wall Street Journal*, April 5).

Nor is the illegal border traffic confined to drugs. According to a Census Bureau report last year, there are now 11.2 million Hispanic-Americans in this country, but this same ethnic group constitutes a large part of the more than 8 million "illegal" aliens—a modest estimate—in our midst. In New York and other eastern cities, most of the illegals come from Caribbean and South American countries, but the bulk of the Spanish-speaking—perhaps 60 per cent or more—continue to be found in the five states of the Southwest.

Along a porous 12-mile stretch of fence from San Ysidro to the surf at Imperial Beach, as many as 8,000 illegals attempt to cross into California each week in search of jobs. Many succeed, but there are casualties. Predators, reports Jack Jones (*Los Angeles Times*, March 15) crouch in the dark on the U.S. side of the fence, waiting for *pollos*—or chickens as they are called—to cross over. These predators are usually tough and resourceful Mexican juveniles from Tijuana who cross over to seize what they can from the wetbacks or illegals, who usually carry some money with them. Further inland, Anglo or Chicano gangs make a business of ripping off the illegals as they try to fan out, looking for work. More than 130 assaults, including four murders, were reported during 1975 along this one stretch of border; only a few suspects were arrested and fewer still were prosecuted. The victims had

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vanished or refused to press charges and the police, one suspects, were not much concerned. Even if he escapes these bandits, the illegal alien is an easy mark during his entire stay in this country. Yet so many are constantly crossing the border that the Chief of Police of Imperial Beach is quoted as saying: "At dusk these hills just come alive. . . . If I could sell tacos, I'd be a millionaire." This bit of the border, the scene of countless unreported robberies, rapes, murders and assaults, has the appearance of a battlefield; the terrain is littered with abandoned wallets, old shoes, blood-soaked garments, etc.

Each year, on the occasion of Washington's Birthday, the border barriers are lowered at Laredo for three days—anyone can cross over and no questions are asked. This year 200,000 Mexicans crossed the international bridge from Nuevo Laredo. "Tons of marijuana," one official is quoted as saying (*Los Angeles Times*, February 22) "must be passing by, right before our eyes, yet we can't do anything about it." It is estimated that 10 per cent of this year's visitors, or 20,000, slipped out of Laredo and headed north. This is not quite as strange as it sounds. The Mexican-American border has seldom been strictly policed over any extended period; both countries and the special-interest groups involved prefer a policy of opportunistic enforcement. Merchants want the business from across the border; agricultural and other employers want cheap labor. Mexico is interested in employment for its citizens and welcomes the earnings they bring back. Both Congress and the Executive are willing to accommodate the demands of our special-interest groups.

The law should be enforced, some will say, but not too strictly; or it should be enforced at some times but not at others. This ambivalence is really not surprising. The borderlands are part of an historical regional complex which has become more important as the "sun belt" has expanded. Today the volume of traffic—in people, drugs, goods and products—has increased to the point where some new definition of relationships is needed. If the media would report this extraordinary story in depth, public pressure might force both governments to stop playing political games and work out some new arrangements.

Borders and boundaries are becoming increasingly anachronistic everywhere, thanks to the increased mobility of populations, shifting employment patterns, and modern transportation facilities. But the Mexican-American border was a special case even before these new complications arose. We should have learned by now that the problems of the Spanish borderlands cannot be "legislated" out of existence; nor can better understanding be achieved between "good neighbors" by making loud noises about enforcing controls one moment and relaxing them the next. Strict patrol of the border, if it could be achieved, would be disastrous for the economy of the region. Mexico's population of 62 million is rapidly increasing and on this side of the border opportunities beckon. Where the "push" and "pull" factors are as strong as they are in this case, strict enforcement of border regulations is unlikely. But more to the point, these are people, not cattle or sheep, who are moving back and forth across a "border" that has never made much social, geographical or economic sense. What is needed is a heightened awareness of the historic roots of the problem and of what is happening along both sides of the border today. Besides, the mass media are missing a great story. □

PENNSYLVANIA

THE WARD HEELERS' PRIMARY

STEVE NEAL

Philadelphia

Sen. Henry Jackson is fond of describing the April 27th Pennsylvania primary as his "showdown" with Jimmy Carter in the battle for the Democratic Presidential nomination. But the possible outcomes of this critical primary can be weighed only in the context of the convolutions the Presidential race has added to the state's already byzantine political structure.

The stage was set for this confrontation between the surviving Democratic contenders when Gov. Milton Shapp ended his pathetic Presidential campaign (after finishing behind a Long Island housewife and "no preference" in two primaries). While he has described Jackson as the "front runner," Shapp is remaining neutral.

Jackson counts heavily on organized labor to deliver a majority of Pennsylvania's 178 delegates. Four years ago Hubert Humphrey, with strong labor backing, trounced Edmund Muskie, who was supported by Shapp and the Philadelphia Democratic organization. Although Humphrey remains the favorite of state AFL-CIO leaders, Jackson now has a massive following in labor's rank and file.

Jackson has performed a remarkable balancing act in Philadelphia, winning the endorsement of both of the city's feuding Democratic organizations. Mayor Frank Rizzo, perhaps the most thoroughly amoral and reactionary political figure in the state, has been fighting City Democratic Chairman Peter Camiel for three years. (Rizzo supported Richard Nixon in 1972.) But Rizzo and Camiel have united behind Jackson.

Carter's campaign is a peculiar coalition of liberals and conservatives. Former Sen. Joseph Clark, the elder statesman of Pennsylvania liberalism, is working for him. "I want desperately to win," Clark says, "and Jimmy has the best chance of any Democrat to become the next President."

Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty, a conservative, is promoting Carter in western Pennsylvania. Flaherty is

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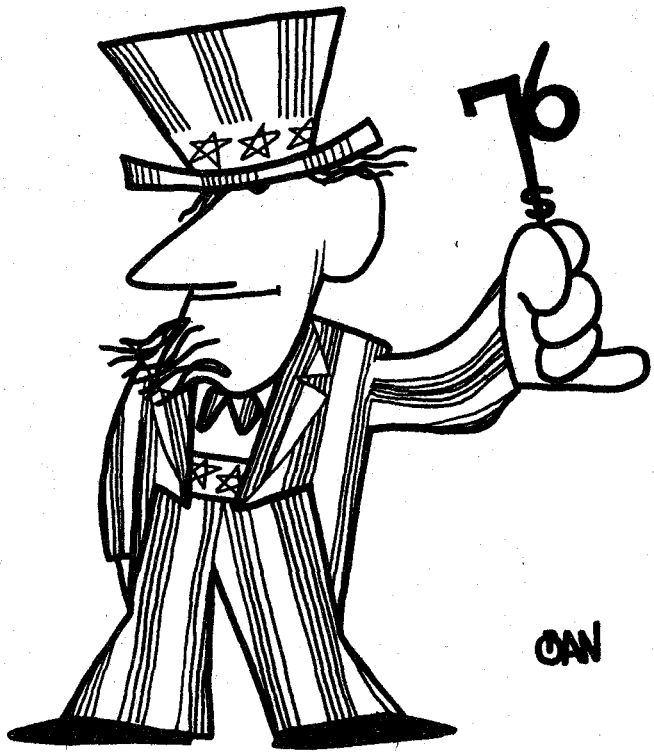
lightly regarded in the more populous eastern half of the state, but in western Pennsylvania is taken seriously. Two years ago he won the Democratic Senatorial primary solely because he won 64 per cent of the vote in the western half of the state. One recent poll indicated that Carter had pulled even with Jackson in western Pennsylvania. Flaherty is running a slate of nine delegates associated with him—including his brother, Allegheny County Comr. James Flaherty; and including their wives.



Carter also expects to benefit from the support of Delaware's anti-busing Sen. Joseph Biden. Since his election to the Senate in 1972, Biden has been a frequent speaker at Democratic dinners throughout Pennsylvania. (The Keystone State has had no Democratic Senator of its own since Clark was defeated for re-election in 1968.) Carter's forces also claim strength in the heavily populated Philadelphia suburbs; they hope it will be enough to offset Jackson's machine backing in the city. Carter has inherited many of George McGovern's volunteers from 1972, and has gained the help and endorsement of Delaware County Comr. Bill Spingler, who has spurred a Democratic resurgence in a corrupt GOP stronghold.

Morris Udall's base of support in Pennsylvania is narrow. He had counted on a victory in Wisconsin to provide momentum for a strong finish in the April 27th contest. "Nobody's organized here," says John O'Connor, Udall's state coordinator, "and I don't know if the state can be organized between Easter and Passover." O'Connor, a Maryland businessman without experience in Pennsylvania politics, speaks disdainfully of McGovern, who ran strongly here four years ago. O'Connor says he does not want Udall identified as "too liberal."

The Udall campaign in Philadelphia is being coordinated by the Philadelphia Party, a coalition of blacks and liberals headed by Charles Bowser. A year ago Bowser, a black lawyer, carried twenty-eight of Philadelphia's sixty-nine wards in the mayoral election, finishing a distant second to Rizzo. In addition to working for Udall, Bowser is leading a campaign to recall Rizzo.

Americans for Democratic Action is keeping Udall's hopes alive in Pennsylvania, but Joseph Clark, is telling his old ADA allies that Udall is a "spoiler." "I have a very high regard for Mo," Clark says, "but he doesn't have any chance of making it. He could take enough strength away from Carter to throw the state to Jackson."

Clark, who as Senator was one of the most forceful critics of the war in Vietnam, is now attacking Jackson as a dangerous hawk: "He is a tool of the Pentagon. He has supported large defense budgets and opposed détente. If he is elected, he would get us into World War III."

Jackson's support among labor and organization Democrats may be broad but much of it appears to be soft. For example, former Philadelphia Mayor James H.J. Tate, a shrewd old machine politician with close labor ties who helped put together Humphrey's winning coalition in 1972, is listed as a Jackson supporter. The depth of his commitment is not, however, profound. He still likes Humphrey, for one thing, and for another, he doesn't really have anything against Carter. "I'm just going along with some commitments I've made," Tate says. "But I'm only involved in a very superficial way. I'm impressed with Carter. I would have helped them if they had asked me."

One veteran Philadelphia ward leader says, "A lot of people see Scoop Jackson as a stalking-horse for Humphrey. If Humphrey gets in, you'll see a lot of Jackson's support evaporating." But Humphrey's name will not appear on the Pennsylvania ballot, and Jackson is picking up large chunks of the Humphrey organization. Jackson's state campaign coordinator, Fred Lebder, organized western Pennsylvania for Humphrey in 1972. Lebder claims Jackson is "further ahead now" than Humphrey was then.

Other Humphrey stalwarts who have joined Jackson include former Gov. George Leader, former State Senate Majority Leader Tom Lamb of Pittsburgh and State Rep. Joseph Doyle of Delaware County. Leader plans to raise a $500,000 war chest for Jackson's stretch drive inside Pennsylvania.

Some Humphrey allies are straightforward in saying their goal is to stop Jimmy Carter. There is great suspicion of Carter among organized labor. When Carter appeared at the state AFL-CIO convention in Pittsburgh, he was booed. The Georgian's unpopularity within the labor block stems from his past support of right-to-work laws. His recent shift of position on 14-b of Taft-Hartley has won few converts. "Our people don't want any part of Carter," says Mike Johnson, executive vice president of the state AFL-CIO.

Carter's Pennsylvania campaign is being run by a political amateur named John M. Sullivan, an old classmate from the Naval Academy. He had been a registered Republican until Carter asked him to take over the Pennsylvania campaign. Sullivan then became a Democrat and has been working for Carter ever since.

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When Sullivan accompanied Carter on their first state tour in 1975, his candidate was confused with local party hopefuls at some of their stops. But Carter has been gaining recognition and support with each primary victory. He is favored to defeat Jackson in rural parts of the state. Carter is making a major bid for Pennsylvania's black vote, bringing Rep. Andrew Young (D., Ga.) and Rev. Martin Luther King Sr. into Philadelphia to campaign for him. Udall, not Jackson, will be Carter's main rival for the black vote.

Shapp's withdrawal from the Presidential race may have improved Carter's chances in Philadelphia, where Rizzo's slate of thirty delegate candidates formerly committed to Shapp will be competing with Jackson's slate. "We're hoping that they knock each other off," says Carter aide Tick Segerblom.

Rizzo's forces plan to solve this thorny problem by distributing 500,000 sample ballots on Election Day when some 3,000 Democratic committeemen will work to get out the vote. But Jackson's "solid" organization support is deceiving. Philadelphia's ward heelers are far more interested in the power struggle between Rizzo and Camiel than in Presidential politics. Rizzo seems to have the upper hand in this battle, thanks largely to Governor Shapp who has cut off Camiel's patronage. When a Camiel ally, Pennsylvania House Speaker Herb Fineman, recently joined Rizzo's team, he explained in a moment of rare candor: "It's a whore's business."

Jackson has the backing of Pennsylvania's most powerful Democratic blocs—organized labor and the state and city party machines. But even if they deliver a plurality for Jackson, against Carter's somewhat weaker organization that would be a distorted triumph. There is no guarantee that Jackson's Keystone State supporters will stick with Scoop. "I am supporting Jackson in the primary," says Philadelphia AFL-CIO President Edward Toohey, but he believes Humphrey would be a better nominee. He hopes a Jackson victory in Pennsylvania will make a deadlocked convention more likely, and set up a situation in which the party would turn again to Humphrey. "We want someone who can win," Toohey says. "If Jackson can stay alive, then Hubert is alive." □

CHARTER, NOT GUIDELINES

HOW TO CURB THE FBI

JERRY J. BERMAN

Washington

On March 11, the Justice Department held a press conference to make public its new guidelines on FBI domestic spying. That may have given the impression that something definitive, positive and substantial had been done about the FBI problem, and no doubt it was the impression that the Justice Department sought to convey. It was, however, highly inaccurate. In the first place, these guidelines are not final; according to the department, they are still "tentative" and "experimental," a point the press reports have glossed over.

The current document is not the first set of new guidelines produced by Justice, nor will it likely be the last. Over the past several months, many versions—marked "Draft; Confidential"—have been circulated by the Department Task Force that Attorney General Levi formed last year to draw up procedures designed to dampen the FBI's spying zeal. Mostly they have been distributed to the various Congressional investigating committees, the purpose being to suggest that a serious internal reform program was in the works and that the executive branch was as anxious as the legislative to rein in the bureau. "Here," the department would say, "is our up-to-the-minute tentative thinking." Each time, a watchful Congress would point out that the latest version would permit the FBI to do exactly what it has always done—spy on citizens engaged in legitimate political activity and conduct Cointelpro operations under certain provisions that authorized so-called "preventive action"—i.e., covert action, by infiltration, disruption or burglary, against persons or organizations that, some day, somewhere, might break the law.

After many trips back to the drawing board, the department decided to make the March 11th draft public, and more important, to put it into effect in April. So far the press and editorial response has been highly favorable. Because the guidelines purport to limit FBI intelligence gathering, they are viewed as a big step forward; since they no longer mention preventive action and contain prohibitory language on Cointelpro techniques, it is assumed that such procedures are now prohibited. Because the guidelines force the FBI to jump a number of procedural hurdles before it can employ such covert techniques as wiretapping and informers, the latest version is judged tough. The general sense as expressed by one editorial writer is that the FBI is no longer "above the law."

But aside from the fact that the guidelines are still tentative, they do not prohibit "preventive action" by merely omitting the phrase. Commenting on this, Mary Lawton, the assistant attorney general in charge of the Task Force, pointed out that the FBI already has this authority and that mention of it was dropped from the guidelines because it caused "too much controversy." Similarly, the guidelines do not prohibit Cointelpro, since no penalties are assigned for violating those provisions. Finally, although the guidelines *attempt* to limit FBI intelligence gathering, they still authorize the FBI to gather data on the political activities of citizens engaged in

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lawful political activity. For that reason alone, these guidelines should be rejected.

It is not guidelines we need to *limit* FBI domestic intelligence but a legislative charter to *prohibit* it. That is the proper answer to the basic and fundamental question before us. If we ask, "What is the legitimate public purpose of FBI spying?," the answer almost certainly is that there is none. For more than a year now, the FBI has been under investigation: by the House Select Committee on Intelligence, the Senate Select Committee and a score of other Congressional bodies. It has also been subjected to an extensive audit by the General Accounting Office. A vast record has been compiled on FBI domestic intelligence. It is a record of official lawlessness: invasion of privacy, violations of civil rights and systematic lawbreaking. All of this is by now familiar to the public, the stuff of many headlines. What is not so familiar, but no less newsworthy or important from a public policy standpoint, is that the record fails to show that FBI intelligence has in the past served a useful public purpose, or will do so in the future. So why adopt guidelines when the overwhelming body of evidence suggests an outright ban?

Since 1935, the FBI has exercised a *dual* investigative function. By statute, the FBI investigates crimes that violate federal law. And primarily by virtue of a series of executive directives and orders, one dating from the beginning of World War II—the FBI also gathers intelligence about the political activities of citizens, whether or not they are involved in criminal acts. Using its criminal investigative authority, the FBI has performed well. It has earned a high reputation for professionalism, employment of scientific law-enforcement techniques, and respect for the rights of suspects (the FBI even gave us the *Miranda* rule). On the other hand, when exercising its intelligence "authority," the FBI has consistently operated outside the law and beyond the Constitution. For what purpose? In short, to identify, keep files on, and then expose, neutralize, and disrupt the *nation's* "political enemies."

The Intelligence mission of the FBI was established by the Executive, by Congress and by the bureau itself. The mission emerged from the cold war and from the nation's fear and hysteria. FBI intelligence was a critical link in the chain of events and FBI files were fuel for the fire. While it may be a page in our history that we would prefer to forget, it is essential to understand the real purpose of "intelligence" as practiced to date, and to state, flatly and finally, that it is not a legitimate purpose for a democratic society.

Since World War II, the *nation*—not just the FBI—has staged a number of witch hunts. And always, FBI intelligence has been pressed into service. For example, Hoover is blamed for using a vague directive to identify "subversive activities" as a license to carry out his vendetta against the Communist Party. Yet the first "exposure," or Cointelpro-type operation, was initiated and carried out by Congressional committees investigating un-American activities. The Congressmen, of course, used FBI investigative files for this purpose. Today, Congress is furious with the FBI for having kept a "Security Index" of persons tagged for preventive detention in case of national

Renault, Sacramento Bee (Calif.)

"Save Me! Give Me Guidelines! I Have Fallen into Wicked Ways and Lived a Sinful Life!"

emergency. However, Congress passed the legislation that authorized preventive detention. FBI files were also central to the Congressionally authorized program to ferret out "disloyal" federal employees during the 1950s. If Hoover was bent on neutralizing the Left, so was Congress when it passed the Smith Act that punished speech and organizational affiliation, and the Justice Department when it prosecuted under the act.

These comments may not sit well with Congress. The legislators, intent on building support for Congressional oversight as a solution to FBI abuses, make it appear as if the FBI has acted almost solely on its own initiative. The truth, however, is that Congress shares in the blame and that oversight by itself will not guarantee that the FBI will not misuse its intelligence authority in the future.

History also forces the FBI to provide a new rationale for intelligence. Because the FBI cannot admit that the mission was, or is, disruption or neutralization, Director Kelley has been pleading the need for intelligence investigations "to anticipate and prevent violence." To make his case, he cites statistics on bombing, arson and terrorism. And the guidelines authorize the FBI to investigate political groups primarily for this purpose.

This is also a way to promote bureaucratic self-preservation. As Sanford Ungar points out in *FBI*, his study of the workings of the FBI bureaucracy, the Intelligence Division, like all bureaucratic entities, is constantly on the alert for ways to justify its existence and to hold onto its share of bureau resources (at present 20 per cent, or $85 million a year). Swollen with agents and paid informers who were mobilized against the New Left and anti-war movement, the Internal Security branch finds itself with time on its

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hands in this calmer period. So, its executives search for a problem to solve: a new mission.

Fortunately, we now have a General Accounting Office audit of the FBI—a study, not of abuses but of the FBI's mission and how well it fulfills its objectives. On the matter of anticipating violence, the audit is devastating. According to the GAO, which reviewed a cross section of more than 1,000 FBI cases on individuals and groups, the vast intelligence operations of the bureau rarely anticipate violence: "Investigations of sabotage, certain bombings, and riot violations, and the protection of foreign officials, although handled as part of the FBI's domestic intelligence operations, usually involved criminal acts committed before the investigations were initiated." In fact, the FBI rarely foresees significant acts of any kind, including violent acts. According to the GAO, the sample showed that the FBI anticipated activity in only seventeen cases, only six of which involved *potential* violence.

The GAO also found that much FBI information is useless to other agencies concerned about violent political acts. It notes, for example, that while the bureau disseminates more than 89 per cent of its intelligence case reports to the Secret Service, responsible for protecting the lives of high government officials, that agency retains only 6 per cent of the information received. The Secret Service complained that it received "too much not always useful information."

Although it cites violence and terrorism to justify its intelligence activities, it is common knowledge that, during the civil disorders of the 1960s, the FBI did not anticipate any of them: the Capitol bombing, the political assassinations and attempts at assassination, the activities of the SLA were not anticipated, and obviously not prevented, by FBI intelligence gathering.

Such evidence does not really suggest FBI incompetence. It points, rather, to the difficulty, if not impossibility, of predicting violent acts or identifying those who will act violently. As a protection against violence, particularly violence that is ideologically motivated, massive intelligence coverage is relatively useless, and will continue to be useless, unless we decide to put everyone under surveillance. However, before doing that, we must decide to abandon our democratic ways.

If the FBI cannot anticipate violence, the guidelines on intelligence gathering are not worth the risk of potential abuse. There is simply no way to assign meaningful limits. While the Justice Department has tried to *restrict* the FBI's basis for investigation, the bureau can still interpret the guidelines as permitting it to investigate the same persons and organizations it has had under surveillance in the past. The comptroller of the GAO has stated: "The language in the draft guidelines would not cause any substantial change in the number and type of domestic intelligence investigations initiated."

According to the March 11th draft, the FBI may still investigate persons or groups engaged in activities that *could* involve violence to achieve such political ends as "overthrowing the government," "interfering with activities of a foreign government," or "impairing, for the purpose of influencing U.S. Government policy or decisions, the functioning of government or interstate commerce." The FBI can conduct a ninety-day investigation on the basis of a mere allegation; a limited investigation if it has any facts; and a full-scale investigation—with no holds barred if it has specific facts to back up its suspicions. If these guidelines had been in effect in the 1960s, the bureau could have justified most if not all of the investigations that have since become the subject of public concern: all members and associates of the Communist Party because it advocates the violent overthrow of the government; employees of the Institute for Policy Studies because of the suspicion that they were in contact with the violent Weather people; all anti-war groups, including the American Friends Service Committee and Women Strike for Peace, because anti-war demonstrators might resort to violence, and all civil rights organizations, including the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, because civil rights protesters "interfered with interstate commerce" to influence public policy. The newest guidelines require that there be "substantial" interference, but can anyone draw the line between trivial and substantial interference?

As for all the degrees of investigative intensity and duration specified in the guidelines, the GAO study points out that distinctions between preliminary and full-scale investigations exist under present FBI rules, but that agents do not observe them. They employ the same techniques for preliminary as for full-scale investigations, routinely extend preliminary investigations beyond allotted time periods, and continue to add new information to "closed" files. Although new oversight procedures for FBI

TIME TO CALL A HALT

The following paragraphs are extracted from a letter submitted to the Senate Intelligence Committee on FBI Charter Recommendations on March 11, the day when the Justice Department released the current draft of its FBI Guidelines. The signers are: American Civil Liberties Union, Americans for Democratic Action, Center for National Security Studies, Committee for Public Justice, Common Cause and the United Automobile Workers.

It is time to draw the line and call a halt to unnecessary intelligence activities. It is time to enact a Charter that:

(*1*) defines the FBI's mission as investigating, upon reasonable cause, the commission of crimes against the United States;

(*2*) repeals the 18 U.S.C. 2383 (Rebellion and Insurrection); 18 U.S.C. 2384 (Seditious Conspiracy); and 18 U.S.C. 2385 (Advocating the Overthrow of the Government);

(*3*) limits the collection (and dissemination) of information to that relevant to criminal investigation and prosecution;

(*4*) provides for the destruction of irrelevant information and insures that files will be sealed once an investigation is terminated;

(*5*) prohibits Cointelpro-type activities;

(*6*) prohibits the FBI from encouraging, assisting, or directing state and local police agencies in doing any investigative work for the FBI, which the FBI itself is not entitled to do, except criminal investigations within their state jurisdiction;

(*7*) and provides criminal penalties for the violation of any provision of the Charter, and assures civil redress for the victims of such violations.

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headquarters to follow are detailed in the guidelines, Ungar points out in *FBI* that headquarters cannot monitor field investigative work and that field agents resent headquarters personnel as paper pushers who impede their work. The common feeling among agents is that the job gets done despite headquarters.

What's wrong with the guidelines then, is that they do not—and cannot—prevent the FBI from spying on citizens. For that we need a legislative charter that prohibits domestic intelligence gathering.

If enacted, such a statute would not tie the FBI's hands. But it would limit the bureau to investigating persons whom it had reasonable cause to believe were engaged in specific criminal acts. Real threats to security, such as treason and espionage, and acts of terrorism, are already prohibited by law. The FBI would no longer be in the business of anticipating such acts, but as shown above that is a mission it cannot accomplish. Instead it would be required to run down and arrest criminals, a mission it can accomplish and which may have the effect of *deterring* violence or other criminal conduct that threaten security. Moreover, it would not endanger civil liberties. The FBI would gather evidence rather than "all information" and conduct its investigations for the purpose of bringing about successful prosecutions. It would be less likely to engage in illegal conduct.

To be sure, the FBI has since 1973 investigated political groups only when it claimed to have reason to believe they were engaged in criminal acts. But, unfortunately, the FBI relies most often on sections of the U.S. Code enacted during the McCarthy era that attempt to punish speech and membership activity—statutes the courts will not enforce. These statutes should be repealed to meet constitutional standards.

We also need legislation that makes officials who employ disruptive tactics subject to criminal penalties and civil liability. If we want the law enforced, we need legislation that will trigger the appointment of a special prosecutor when there is evidence of official crime. Many of the past activities of the FBI were illegal but no official or agent has been prosecuted or convicted. The lesson is that we cannot realistically count on the Justice Department to investigate and prosecute itself.

The FBI must be made to obey the law and observe the Constitution. Under the pressure of national crisis and turmoil, we have allowed the FBI to go too far. Now, in a period of relative calm, it is appropriate to reflect on the public interest and write laws that reassert our commitment to democratic values and that will serve to restrain our worst instincts and fears. That is the essence of the rule of law and that is why the guidelines must be rejected. We must ask Congress whether all its recent investigations are going to bring real change or are simply more "sound and fury." □

VIETNAM UNLEARNED

OUR DEADLY GAME IN KOREA

JAMES STENTZEL

"Whatever may have been our reasons for leaving Korea almost unarmed and burdened with a corrupt, unpopular regime, the result was to invite the aggression that has now taken place. . . ."

Those words, written within days of the outbreak of the Korean War, appeared in a *Nation* editorial of July 8, 1950. Twenty-six years later, one can foresee a range of developments in Korea which some day could be explained with only a slight revision of the above:

"Whatever may have been our reasons for arming South Korea to the teeth and fully backing its corrupt, unpopular regime, the result was to invite the collapse that has taken place."

The similarities and differences are worth noting, if only because Korea was in many ways our first Vietnam and may also be our last. To some extent the United States has come full circle in thirty years of Asian involvement. What we have learned, however, has proved to be more rhetorical than political. While today we are much more circumspect in expressing our zeal to "liberate" or "save" small countries from the jaws of communism, we still cling to the principle that in Korea might makes right. And while we now all seem to know that "popular legitimacy and social justice are vital prerequisites of resistance against subversion or aggression" (President Ford's Pacific doctrine), this simple lesson from Vietnam seems not to operate in our Korean policy, at least as it is demonstrated by the unqualified Ford-Kissinger embrace of dictator Park Chung Hee.

My earlier article (see accompanying box) discussed President Park's reign of fear primarily from the point of view of the Koreans; the focus here is, first, on how the United States exacerbates its Korean difficulties by trying to supply military answers to a range of problems that are largely nonmilitary; second, on how the United States might begin to liberate itself from Asia, while at the same time insuring the peace and possibly gaining some major policy objectives; and, third, what is likely to happen if we follow the other alternative—that is if the United States continues to champion counterrevolution in the face of rising movements for Asian nationalism and liberation.

James Stentzel is a missionary-journalist based in Tokyo. His report on recent developments in South Korea appeared in the April 10th Nation.

The tensions at Korea's 38th Parallel are real and cannot be ignored. North of the DMZ is a Communist

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garrison state with an army of 410,000 troops, organized in twenty-three divisions and backed up by an estimated 1.2 million paramilitary reserves known as Red Guard units. South of the DMZ is a capitalist garrison state with nearly 600,000 troops, supported by more than 2 million reserves and home-guard militia.

U.S. officials say that an unassisted ROK Army could defeat an unassisted DPRK ground force, not only because of its greater numbers but also because it has better equipment (which has cost the United States nearly $1 billion since 1971) and greater battle experience (more than 300,000 South Korean soldiers fought in Vietnam). The ROK Air Force is still considered slightly inferior to the North's, but any gap is quickly being closed by the South's procurement of new F-5Es and additional F-4s, both of which are considered superior to North Korea's MIG-21s and MIG-19s. Navies are minuscule on both sides; they consist largely of fast patrol boats. Thus the presence of the U.S. Navy, including the aircraft carrier *Midway*, which regularly visits Korea, is presumably sufficient to allow both Park and the Pentagon to relax in that department as well.

Yet no one in Seoul or Washington appears very relaxed, even when assured that neither the Soviet Union nor China has the least desire to become involved in another Korean conflict; when, in fact, there are persuasive signs that both powers would like to defuse Korea. So why the bad case of nerves in Seoul and Washington? Park's cause for alarm has been detailed earlier, and his anxieties are certainly felt in Washington. But Washington's nerves reflect much more: the United States has 32,000 soldiers, 8,000 to 10,000 Air Force personnel and banks of tactical nuclear weapons in South Korea, primarily for a host of *political* rather than military reasons, and the political situation does not look rosy. Washington, having spent $189 billion on Korea since 1946 (including an estimated $99 billion in benefits for U.S. veterans of the Korean War), is afraid of the political monster it has created in Seoul.

Most of the political reasons for our heavy military commitment involve show of force: to maintain the stability of the Park regime; to maintain leverage with the Soviet Union and China, and leverage over Japan; to show that Vietnam was a fluke and that *Mayagüez* wasn't; to persuade allies as far away as Europe that a U.S. commitment is credible and reliable; and to dispel any suspicions that the United States might be a reluctant giant by assuring the world that we have every intention of remaining an imperial power along the rim of Asia.

So far, fine and good for Henry Kissinger, Gulf, Citibank and all anti-Communist candidates for high office. Problems begin, however, when Asians, and here specifically South Koreans, react to this show of force. They see it as a sign of weakness. Just as the Koreans fail to interpret President Park's imprisoning of every single critic as evidence of strength and confidence, they fail to interpret the Pentagon's tactical-nuke-rattling (especially pronounced after Vietnam) as evidence of cool resolve and solid commitment. More important, however, what credibility the Korean people do accord the U.S. position they interpret as our resolve to save our own face and a commitment to save Park's neck. They also know that, in this equation, the American troops in South Korea are ultimately hostages.

Clearly much is at stake on the Korean peninsula and, clearly, the Korean people themselves weigh little in the formation of U.S. policy. It doesn't matter what the Korean people lose to their domestic oppressors and foreign exploiters; what matters is that the deadly game be played by American rules.

At least for as long as Kissinger is around, any change in this cynical U.S. position will have to be generated more by pragmatism than by moral suasion. A growing number of Congressional liberals are taking up the banner of human rights in Korea. Legislation already introduced in both houses would rein back on military assistance to the ROK because of gross violations of human rights, or begin the process of U.S. force reduction because of Korean repression.

Most of these moves, strongly backed by liberal American church leadership, are motivated largely by moral concern. While such concern is necessary and laudable, the appeals it has inspired have not stacked up well against the cost-effective pragmatism of Kissinger. His critics will have to become equally pragmatic, since he is not likely to become more moral. (Though Kissinger regularly gives himself moral airs. When his *Realpolitik* fails to disarm critics, Kissinger can be expected to make his first reference to morality—as when he told a Boston audience earlier this year that "pragmatism without underlying moral purpose is like a rudderless ship.")

Considering the U.S. stake in Korea—nowhere in the world are we so deeply committed, so completely exposed

THE TRICKY FORMULA

South Korea today is run by an intricate web of inculcated fears. Some of the fears, as those related to economics, are quite real. Others, particularly in the political realm, are manufactured. And all fears—especially those related to daily Seoul predictions of an "imminent Communist invasion"—are, according to U.S. officials, grossly exaggerated. However, because of President Park Chung Hee's now total control of speech and press, few South Koreans know this. What Park has done—carefully and some say brilliantly—is simultaneously create the most intense dis-ease among the Korean people and offer them the prescription for such a "national emergency": permanent dictatorship in the name of "unity" (i.e., repression) and "sacrifice" (exploitation). The key to the success of this formula is a tricky balance of terror in which South Korean fears of Park must never exceed their fears of Kim Il Sung.

In "The South Korean Trap" (*The Nation*, April 10), I discussed Park's balance of terror strategy, like his rule by fear, in some detail. I argued that Park is laying a dangerous trap for both himself and his heavily committed American sponsors, because the same fears that solidify the Park dictatorship today could as easily become the explosive to blow it all up tomorrow; and because the Park regime is now so identified with fear that it can permit no letup without losing its *raison d'être*. "The South Korean Trap" also reports what happened last month when some leading Koreans failed to show proper fear of the Park regime: they're now in prison.

James Stentzel

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or so politically trapped—there is ample justification for a piece-by-piece inspection of not only the moral rudder but the whole ship of Kissinger's Korean policy. For despite the Secretary's seemingly impeccable logic, the ship is shot full of holes.

The way to determine whether the present administration's Korean policy will float or sink is to separate the military from the political issues and options. In recent years, both Seoul and Washington have intentionally confused these realms; for example, exaggerated fears of a North Korean attack on the South underlie every supposed justification for Seoul's repression.

In strictly military terms, there is little or no justification for the 32,000 U.S. ground forces now in South Korea. While the military situation has changed little in a decade, the ROK Army, as has been pointed out, has made qualitative leaps. Short of intervention by a major power, the ROK Army can handle itself. Some U.S. officials have argued for the deterrent value of having a few American GIs near the DMZ, to serve as a trip wire for any attack by the North and a check on any moves by the South, but the merits of this are debatable.

In any case, the bulk of the U.S. troops could depart tomorrow, and sanity would suggest that all U.S. tactical nuclear weapons be taken with them. The dangers of stockpiling such weapons in South Korea outweigh whatever strategic value they might have; in any case, that value could be served as well from off-shore (Seventh Fleet) points.

As for the 8,000 to 10,000 U.S. Air Force personnel, they too could be pulled back to other Pacific bases, with minor sacrifice of strategic or deterrent value. The one foreseeable danger in such a pullback would be if it were made conditional on the ROK Air Force being superior to the North's; some observers say that an independent ROK military which was superior to the North both on land and in the air could not be trusted to stay its hand.

The purely military effects of all the above options, if handled with reason and care, would be nil. The political effects would be large and, if handled well, largely positive: the United States would be giving up a chunk of its influence on Seoul, an influence which at its best has been ignored by the Park regime and, at its worst, has dug our present trap; the United States would also be giving up some of its pivotal influence (some say overexposure) in the region. But in fact that could be the door opener for greater co-responsibility in the area, including a four-power agreement on Korea, if not also a renewed North-South dialogue. (The withdrawal of U.S. troops is crucial here, because the issue of foreign troops on Korean soil has always been a major stumbling block in North-South relations.)

Politically, and in step with the above military pullback, Washington could then move in two ways. While still guaranteeing the security of the ROK from our fall-back positions, the United States could try to regain the trust and respect of the South Korean people through a genuine commitment to their democratic, rather than Park's dictatorial, aspirations; and, at the same time, launch a diplomatic initiative at all levels, designed to break the tensions and build a structure for Korean cooperation instead of confrontation.

The United States could also make clear that in every possible way it is willing to deal even-handedly with both North and South Korea. We have expressed a willingness to recognize Pyongyang if either the Soviet Union (possible but unlikely) or China (most unlikely) would recognize Seoul, and Kissinger is willing to talk with Pyongyang about a new treaty if Seoul is not excluded. But other initiatives could be taken which would hazard little danger to the South. These include granting visas to North Korean scholars, students and journalists and allowing similar groups of Americans to visit North Korea without having their passports revoked.

There is some truth to the claim that North Korea is one of the most rigid, closed, inscrutable, isolated, doctrinaire and therefore dangerous nations in the world. It is also a fact that United States policies have helped to make and keep North Korea that way. A more open and tolerant U.S. position might well lead to more open and tolerant North Korean attitudes. And the promotion of such U.S.-North Korean understanding could serve the added purpose of undercutting President Park's pretext for repression. There are already some signs that even if the United States does not move in this direction, the Japanese will.

The U.S. alternative to all of the above is to dig deeper into its South Korean foxholes and continue its official and unofficial—multinationals and CIA—financing of repression in the South. The United States can continue to try not only to resist a North Korean attack (easy), or prevent a South Korean uprising (harder) but also to defy the current thrust of Asian history (hardest, if not impossible).

Within days of the first anniversary of Saigon's changeover, the war in Vietnam could be seen to have irreversibly changed the course of Asian, if not world history. More specifically it changed the consciousness of all Asians, Communists and non-Communists, rulers and ruled alike. In South Korea both government and anti-government leaders are showing new fervor for nationalism, for a "return to Asia," for liberation from the West in general and independence from Washington in particular. Underlying this enthusiasm is a kernel of quiet, persistent disenchantment, sometimes bordering on open anti-Americanism.

To a certain extent the United States is encouraging South Korea's "independence." Pentagon and State Department officials are happy, for example, that the Park government has slapped a $400 million defense tax on South Korean workers, thus permitting Washington to decrease military grant assistance (while increasing foreign military sales and credit lines). This not only eases the U.S. defense budget but also helps defense planners to sell themselves to Congress.

Yet there is an unspoken agreement between the Pentagon and the State Department not to let Park become too independent. The reason is not only what Park might do but what the Japanese might do. The winds of change in Asia are affecting offshore islands as well, and even Japan is getting uppity since the debacle of Vietnam and the Lockheed scandal. If South Korea can untie some of its American apron strings, the balance of Japanese

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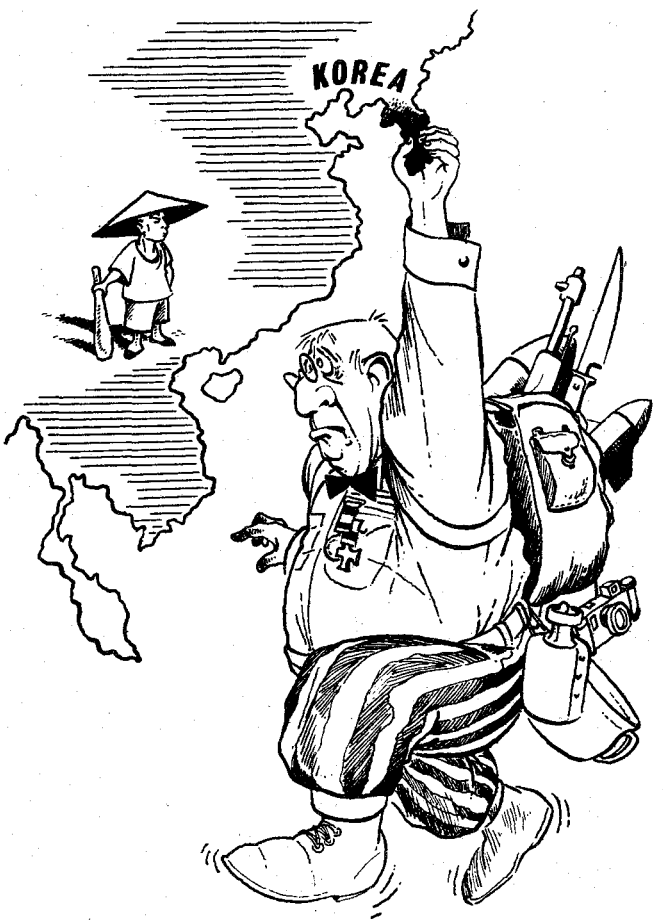
political forces and sentiment, right wing and left wing, suggests that Japan will not be far behind.

It is not that the Japanese need to follow Korean or any other outside initiatives on such matters. Rather it is that, in addition to the U.S. nuclear umbrella and U.S. bases in Japan, what defines American power and Japanese dependency is our position in South Korea, Japan's close neighbor and former colony. The U.S. forces operating with the ROK serve as a political as well as a military buffer between Japan and the Chinese and Russians. Symbolically, the United States is Japan's doorkeeper to Asia. Japanese diplomats move at the whim of Washington. This dependency also works militarily, for the greater the tensions on the Korean peninsula, the greater Japan's need to lean on the United States, caretaker of its defense.



Vadillo, El Sol de Mexico

In this way, current U.S. strategy for Asia benefits from high but manageable tensions in Korea. If those tensions were reduced, if our presence in Korea were greatly reduced, and if South Korea took a more independent line, everything might be fine—except for those Washington strategists. Because then Japan would become our forward line of defense in Asia, thus forcing into public debate long-simmering Japanese resentment of its militarily dependent, junior-partner status.

Seen in this light, the ultimate U.S. argument for its commitment to Seoul—"to protect our free, democratic and close ally, Japan"—is not completely accurate. To be honest, the statement should add, "and to protect U.S. military and diplomatic leverage in Tokyo." The strategy could easily backfire, since there may be no quicker way to force a proud people and nation out of your orbit than to let them know that, at any human or moral cost, you intend to keep them dependent and second class. And in the not too distant future, this statement could apply to the South Korean as well as the Japanese people.

In South Korean society today, students continue to be the vanguard of the emerging nationalistic consciousness. While culturally they tend to be conservative and traditional, politically they are democratic and potentially revolutionary. Perhaps the deepest commitment of any Korean, old or young, is to national liberation—the right to define one's dignity as a people and one's destiny as a nation after nearly a century of foreign exploitation and hot and cold running wars.

Beyond this point of universal national pride, however, the vision of the younger generation departs from that of their elders. Their grandparents remember the Japanese as the perpetrators of all evil; their parents recall Americans as liberators and know North Korean Communists as the perpetrators of all evil. But the sons and daughters know only Park Chung Hee as the perpetrator, and the United States as the tolerator, of all evil. If President Park has already earned the fear and hatred of today's students and tomorrow's leaders, the United States is also quickly earning their lasting disdain.

While U.S. rhetoric, especially in this election year, is traditionally anti-Communist, U.S. policy, beginning in Vietnam and extending into Korea, is in fact much broader and deeper than simple anti-communism. The policy is more exactly counterrevolution. In Japan as well as South Korea, the United States put down the last serious Communist threats more than twenty years ago. The focus since then, especially in South Korea, has been to put down workers and labor unions and to lift up rightists and dictators. Anti-communism may be the public policy, but counterrevolution is the policy thrust.

So far, it has succeeded in northeast Asia, but if the voices of democratic opposition in South Korea are right, the policy is now boomeranging: capitalist corruption under a brutal dictatorship is laying a seedbed for communism. Even a member of Park's cabinet told me last fall that the reason why 50 million Koreans, North and South, cannot have free elections is that, if the Communists had a chance to bend ears in the South, "many voters might vote for the Communists. They are rather ignorant," he explained.

The Korean people are in fact among the most literate and politically aware in Asia, and the ignorance in this case is more probably the official's. If so, it is this same ignorance which, decades from now, may cause officials in Washington to scratch their heads and wonder whatever happened to the grand design for an anti-Communist oasis on the Korean peninsula.

In the final analysis, the problem is that very few Americans know the difference between national-democratic revolution and international communism. Like Park Chung Hee, our fear of the former leads us unwittingly to aid and abet the latter—an ironic thought for Americans now intent on celebrating the Bicentennial of their own War of Independence. □

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COLD-WAR BUDGET

Capitol Hill Armed to the Teeth

PAUL R. WIECK

Washington

A cold-war chill that matches the damp, overcast spring has settled over Capitol Hill. It came with little warning, and its first serious impact was on the new budget committees of the two houses of Congress. Under the new budget law, Congress must pass a joint resolution setting a ceiling on outlays for fiscal year 1977 by May 15 and the budget committees must divide this up into "functional" areas such as defense and report out a total figure.

The signs of trouble came when the budget panels, in their final round of voting, came to discuss what share of the pie should go to defense. Over the last five years, legislative critics of heavy military spending have sliced away some $35 billion from the defense budgets sent over by the White House. It was done with little difficulty, so no one anticipated a problem this year. It came, however, from a coalition of Republicans and moderate-to-conservative Democrats (most of them Southerners).

On the Senate side, Budget Chairman Edmund Muskie (D., Me.) made one attempt after another to cut the $101.1 billion outlay President Ford wants. Each time, he lost to the coalition. At the end, embarrassed by its chairman's impotence, the committee gave him a $200 million cut, on the ground that there has to be that much fat in any $101.1 billion budget.

It was the same on the House side. A substantial cut proposed by Elizabeth Holtzman (D., N.Y.) picked up only four votes (two from black members). A motion to accept Ford's figure lost by only one (12 to 13) and the committee then took the smallest cut suggested—$500 million—because it had been offered by the man with the swing vote.

The same 9 to 6 majority which dominated the Senate panel on military matters refused to increase the sum for public service jobs, despite repeated arguments from Muskie and others. Only a last-minute plea by Majority Leader O'Neill (D., Mass.) on behalf of the House leadership nudged the House panel into freeing an additional $2 billion for a bigger jobs program. And that came by only one vote. The 1977 FY budget must still go to conference and then to the floor.

Why the sudden, drastic change? One reason is obvious, though superficial. The White House and the Pentagon did a good job scaring the budget committees at their "secret" defense briefings.

They made two points stick. First, that the Soviet Union has switched from a defensive to an offensive military posture. They recited numbers—tanks, planes, ships, missiles, etc. They're building everything, or so it seems, at a rapid pace. Point two: This country's inventory of weapons is depleted. The brass is still bringing up as an excuse the Yom Kippur war, when we sold ourselves out of inventory. More to the point is the fact that underdeveloped countries are no longer content to take our castoffs. They demand the newest and best and we're selling it to them. All the Pentagon wanted, or so the arguments ran, was a few billion more for procurement—tanks, B-1 bombers, Trident missiles, cruise missiles, etc.

Even as they play back the figures, a few members point out some of the fallacies. The Soviets, for instance, never retire a tank to the scrap heap. Their personnel figures are inflated, compared to ours, because their armed services employ no civilian personnel.(See also "Budget Time at the Pentagon" by Rep. Les Aspin, *The Nation*, April 3.)

Nor did the members of Congress come away with any clear idea of what our intelligence community thinks Russia has in mind. They know that one-third of the Soviet troops are on the Chinese border, plus a big share of the tanks. But what about all those "blue-water" ships they're building? Are they for the Caribbean, perhaps? Or the Mediterranean in the event of another Mideast showdown? Who can say: it's enough these days to keep repeating that we import 50 per cent of our oil and must keep those vital sea lanes open.

No one wants to speculate on what effect Angola is having on Congressional attitudes, but it has some. So do the Cuban mercenaries, and the signs of trouble in Jamaica. Still, scary briefings can't account for the new atmosphere; legislators have been getting those for a long time; yet Congress has been slicing away at the Pentagon's budget pretty regularly. On the Hill, the important rule is never to cast a vote that the fellow back home may ask you to explain. That's the key—the folks back home.

Rep. Patricia Schroeder (D., Colo.), a member of the Armed Services Committee, put her finger on the problem with a quote from Newton Minow, ex-chairman of the FCC, who once said "the media have rewritten the Constitution." Today, the media are covering an array of "hawkish" Presidential rivals—Ford, Reagan, Jackson, and until recently Wallace. That array is very different from the situation in 1972, when George McGovern's shafts against out military posture were dominating the dialogue, or 1968 when Eugene McCarthy finally gave the country a referendum on Vietnam. It took four elections for the liberal-Left to use the six o'clock news and the headlines to change national policies and now it all seems to be going down the drain in a few months.

It didn't just happen; there have been stirrings for some time. A lot of it centers on dissatisfaction with (or is it distrust of?) Secretary of State Kissinger. It's somehow un-American for our foreign policy to be made wherever Kissinger's jet happens to land, although John Foster Dulles spent years teetering on the brink of the world. Still, there are solid reasons for uneasiness. The Soviets made fools of Kissinger, Butz, et al, on the first grain deal, raising questions as to whether either knew how to bargain. Then there has been the shuttling back and forth

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in the Mideast, and the handing out of nuclear power plants to less than stable small nations.

And these tremors come at a time when voters are feeling a little insecure about government per se, when they are a little uncertain about how much control Ford, whom they didn't pick in the first place, really has over foreign policy. His claim that the Wisconsin results vindicated Kissinger didn't do much to set minds at rest. Against this backdrop, Ronald Reagan entered the picture.

From the beginning of his campaign in New Hampshire, the crowds that flocked to hear him had just one set of questions they wanted answered. Foreign policy and our defense posture weighed on the minds of the good citizens in the small towns of that state. What about détente? And the Panama Canal? Would he keep Kissinger?

Reagan didn't raise those issues in the early days of his campaign. He didn't have to. Time after time, they were the first ones out of the box, whether at a luncheon in a small-town hotel, a gathering at the American Legion Club, or one of those citizens' press conferences. Some people blame the Liberty Lobby, which has propagandized small-town America for a good many years, for the tenor of questions to Reagan.

I had a sinking feeling as I traveled with him that I was watching the rebirth of the cold war, a vigorous stirring on the Republican Party's right wing at the very time when the Democratic left wing had sunk into a foreign policy quandary. The Panama Canal? What was this? In a year of traveling about with assorted "liberal" candidates, I hadn't heard it mentioned once. I comforted myself with the thought that Republicans make up only 18 to 20 per cent of the voting public.

The early thrust of this sort of anxiety was blunted by Reagan's reasonableness. He spoke well of the motives behind détente but feared it had become a one-way street. Certainly, we couldn't let our military strength fall to second best. No, he wouldn't give back the Panama Canal any more than he'd return the Gadsden Purchase or Alaska. Kissinger? Well, his advisers told him it was a "no, no" to talk about who'd be in his Cabinet, but he *could* and did tell them he'd pick his own man. That sort of thing drew applause but it didn't send his audiences out looking for raw meat.

If Reagan had personalized the issue around Kissinger then, he would probably have several primary victories under his belt by now. Today, the prospects are for a long, bloody windup of the GOP primary season, with daily media coverage of the Ford-Reagan foreign policy-military debate as the campaign moves through a clump of Southern states (Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Texas), up to the Midwest again (Indiana, Ohio) and then westward (Nebraska, Idaho, Nevada, California). Reagan has a good chance in all of them. Only states like Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Oregon can be rated as strongholds for the

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"liberal" wing of the GOP. And all that saber-rattling talk can only deepen the cold-war chill.

It might not have happened if the liberal-Left had put its foreign policy act together a little earlier. But this year, it has turned wholeheartedly to domestic issues and, to quote Rep. Bob Carr (D., Mich.), is acting like a bunch of "issue junkies." Typical were the endless litmus tests administered at "issues" conferences last fall, when the entire stable of "liberal" candidates was called in time and again for close cross-examination. It bored the media, and a lot of the participants. It didn't clear away any of the confusion. Typical was a comment by a friend at the Democratic Forum Conference in Louisville, the last of the lot. She'd heard them all many times and had pretty much settled on Mo Udall, but "wanted to hear Jimmy Carter just one more time" before she made a commitment. It was six *weeks* before she signed up. The ultimate hurdle was a long attitudinal test passed out at Louisville by the New Democratic Coalition. The questions were framed by Marcus Raskin, the gentle philosopher of the radical community. He submitted 40 pages of suggested "correct" answers along with the questions.

It took several primaries to reduce the field enough for the liberal-Left to coalesce around a single candidate. By then, the cold-war chill had set in, and today mere existence as a candidate tops the list of priorities for Udall, the sole "liberal" survivor. It was largely because of the liberal split that he failed to take first place in any of the early primaries, and, ironically, Udall hadn't wanted to run as a "liberal." He sensed from the beginning that it isn't the route to nomination in 1976.

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There are a few hopeful signs. Schroeder reports that many of her colleagues who voted the cold-war line don't really swallow the scare stories coming out of the White House and the Pentagon. "I see a lot of people voting straight defense and then admitting we don't need it," she says.

It's the easy way out when the country is uncertain and unsettled, when the dialogue is dominated by the cold warriors. It fits that Capitol Hill wisdom about the folks back home.

What the national debate needs now is a new dimension based on acting positively in foreign and military affairs instead of endless reacting. Without it, Ford and Kissinger can cry "the Russians are coming" loudly enough to scare the public into accepting their line. It's happened before. □

TEACHERS IN EVERY PRECINCT

THE NEA DISCOVERS THE BALLOT

BRIAN SULLAM

"People respect me. I taught their children—they'll vote the way I tell them," boasted a teacher a few days before Florida's March 9th primary. Five years ago, it would have been surprising to hear a teacher openly express such a view, but today teachers are disregarding tradition and participating in electoral politics in unprecedented numbers—with the approval, indeed the enthusiastic encouragement, of the National Education Association (NEA), the 1.7 million-member teachers' organization.

In the next six months, the NEA leadership hopes to make the nation's politicians see teachers not as modest schoolmarms oblivious to the hurly-burly world of politics but, rather, as smooth political operators with considerable force at the ballot box. The massive politicization of teachers may be one of the more substantial developments of this election year.

For the first time in its 119-year history, the NEA will endorse a Presidential candidate and actively campaign on his behalf. The endorsement, to be made in early September, will be the climax of a two-year drive to mobilize the NEA's members into a cohesive political bloc. It will also be a significant step in the transformation of the once staid and apolitical NEA into a militant labor union; plunging headlong into politics is quite a change for an organization which a few years ago did not engage in collective bargaining but in "professional negotiations."

(The American Federation of Teachers (AFT), NEA's rival and a member of the AFL-CIO, has been endorsing Presidential candidates and otherwise participating in politics for a number of years. In 1972 it was one of the few AFL-CIO unions openly to back George McGovern, but it wasn't until 1974 that the national AFT organized a political committee.)

"If we were to sit down with a pencil and a sheet of paper to develop a political network, we couldn't have devised a better one," remarks Joe Standa, of NEA's political staff. "Wherever there are children, there are teachers; and that means we have got teachers in every precinct across the country." He also pointed out that teachers are an effective and versatile corps of volunteer workers. They can ring doorbells, man telephone banks and stuff envelopes as well as prepare, research and write speeches. They also turn out on Election Day in greater numbers than do the blue-collar unionists.

The reasons for the teachers' new-found interest in politics are not hard to find. "A few years ago teachers began to face the facts of life," says Stan McFarland, NEA's director of government relations. "They realized that we live in a politicized society, and the only way to get your demands known is to become a pressure group and support politicians sympathetic to your interests."

It was out of necessity that the NEA became a pressure group. Compared to the mid-1960s, when incredible amounts of money were lavished on schools and teachers, education today in the United States has fallen on hard times. The near-financial collapse of New York and the city's subsequent decision to eliminate 8,800 teaching jobs have frightened many teachers. Each spring for the past few years, school boards, squeezed between rising costs and the voters' refusal to increase property taxes, ritually threatened to balance their budgets by firing teachers. Although figures gathered by the U.S. Office of Education do not show massive layoffs nationwide, news of cutbacks in New York and other big cities make teachers fear for their jobs.

And if budget paring, real or imagined, doesn't disturb teachers, the leveling off in the number of school-aged children does. The "baby-boom" classes have passed through the school systems, and school boards point to empty classrooms as justification for reducing staff. The NEA would much prefer that school districts reduce class sizes instead.

Teachers are also discovering that they can no longer count on the generous pay raises they became accustomed to during the mid- and late-1960s, when voters were more generous with tax increases. School boards are now forced to negotiate with whatever funds are available, and the result has been pay raises which averaged 3 to 6 per cent during the past three years, a rate which hardly keeps pace with inflation. Many teachers resent what they see as a double standard: while the rest of the population fights desperately to maintain its purchasing power, the teachers are told to be content with less.

In addition, the financial bind has changed the power balance between teachers and school boards. Strikes, the

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teachers' classic weapon to secure higher salaries and better working conditions, have become mere gestures. As one New York negotiator plaintively asked, "Who were we striking against? Nobody had any money!" Deprived of the strike in any realistic sense, teachers have turned toward their other option—the polling booth.

In 1972 the NEA made its first small move into electoral politics by forming a political action committee, NEA-PAC. That year it collected a modest $32,000 for a few Congressional races. By 1974, the contributions to NEA-PAC had jumped to $230,000, and the NEA endorsed 310 Congressional candidates. The organization's record of success was quite remarkable for a political neophyte. Of the 282 candidates it endorsed for the House in 1974, 229 were elected. And twenty-two of the NEA's twenty-eight candidates for the Senate won their races. It was this excellent showing that encouraged the NEA national convention to create an endorsement procedure for the 1976 Presidential campaign.

There are two very specific reasons—both financial—behind NEA's decision to support a Presidential candidate. First, with voters blocking tax increases for local school districts, the NEA takes the position that the federal government must appropriate more funds for education. At present, federal funds cover about 7.5 per cent of the nation's education expenditures for elementary and secondary schools, and the NEA wants that figure raised eventually to 33 per cent. Second, the NEA has found that a Republican White House will resist Congressional attempts to increase federal expenditures for schooling. President Nixon successfully vetoed Congressional appropriations three times, and in 1975 President Ford vetoed the education appropriations bill and called for a $1 billion cutback. The Congress overrode the veto, but as John Ryor, NEA president, pointed out: "The President holds a stacked deck because all the President needs is one-third of the votes in either chamber. We not only have to elect a pro-education Congress but a pro-education President as well."

Support for its goal of one-third federal funding for education is the NEA's main political ambition this year. Henry Jackson has already endorsed the proposal, saying that if the federal government paid for a larger proportion of education, property taxes across the nation would be reduced. Critics of increased federal funding argue that property taxes won't go down at all because the federal funds will merely be added to the money already available to school districts. According to these critics, the nation's taxpayers will be financing "a full employment program for teachers." Aside from endorsing a candidate who supports its funding position, the NEA is also looking for one who would prod Congress into passing a national collective bargaining law for all public employees.

The NEA has ambitious plans for sending its members as delegates to the Democratic convention. In 1974, when it was decided that the NEA would endorse a Presidential candidate, it was also decided that the organization would try to get at least 200, and possibly 300, members to the Democratic convention in New York. Although NEA-PAC says it is a bipartisan committee, similar plans were not made for the GOP convention because Republicans have traditionally opposed a greater federal participation in education.

The NEA has set aside $120,000 to pay for the travel and lodging expenses of NEA delegates to the Democratic convention—and for that matter, to the Republican convention should any NEA members be chosen as delegates. In order to elect delegates, the NEA hired political consultants to hold workshops, train political education officers and write a series of booklets on participation in political campaigns.

The NEA's strategy for the Democratic convention is simply to elect as many of its members as possible regardless of the candidates to which they are pledged. The leadership has been banking on a brokered convention, hoping after the first ballot to form a solid bloc and secure concessions in return for delivering its votes.

The AFT scoffs at the notion that the NEA will succeed in its grand plans. "They'll get 300 delegates just like we are going to get 3,000," jeered one AFT official. On the other hand, Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees advises politicians to take the NEA "very seriously."

There is no doubt that the NEA could play an important role in this year's election. Its nationwide membership list is computerized, and all of the NEA's 10,000 local affiliates are connected to national headquarters by a telex system. Considering that a 1971 amendment to the federal election law allows unions to spend an unlimited amount of money to organize their own members in support of candidates, the NEA's computer lists and telex system are sure to become important political tools. They are thought to have been instrumental in electing Stanley Lundine to the House in a special election last March. He is the first Democrat in 102 years to be sent to Congress from New York's 39th Congressional District.

In the past, politicians have treated education as a sacred cow and a rather placid one. For the most part, teachers were apolitical and demanded little and, besides, no politician wanted to be branded as "anti-education." The NEA's new-found political activism is likely to change that. With the possibility that vast numbers of teachers will participate in political campaigns, it is possible that politicians, who have a keen sense of self-preservation, will acquiesce in the teachers' demands, regardless of their soundness. In an article published in *The Washington Monthly*, Thomas Redburn gloomily predicted the result: "Many liberal Democrats depend on contributions from teachers and other labor unions. Because teachers and the unions resist every change in the organizations that distribute education and other social services, many liberal politicians walk on eggshells instead of saying what needs to be said about our calcified institutions."

It remains to be seen how effective the NEA and its members will be next November, but one thing is certain. Having jumped headlong into electoral politics, teachers will adopt the same rules which govern other pressure groups that participate in the political arena—"Reward your friends and punish your enemies." What is not clear is whether their victories or defeats at the ballot box will have any real effect on the quality of education delivered by the nation's public school systems. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Sound of Two Hands Grasping

GROWING (UP) AT 37. *By Jerry Rubin. M. Evans & Co. 208 pp. $7.95.*

MARK SHECHNER

You don't need a weatherman to tell which way the wind blows, just a copy of Jerry Rubin's latest report. Rubin, who first broke into print as sports editor of his high school paper, appropriately named *The Chatterbox*, and stayed in media for a time as a newshound for the Cincinnati *Post and Times Star*, has always had a nose for news, a genius for being on the scene when the big story broke. At the beginning, in the careerist 1950s, he could stun fellow reporters with his energy for tracking down and interviewing such stars of the moment as Frankie Avalon and Pat Boone. In the 1960s, he found his way to the center of the action as an anti-war organizer in Berkeley, then as founder of the Yippie (Youth International) Party and finally as a defendant in the Academy Award-winning trial of the decade. Now, in the therapeutic 1970s, Rubin is reporting back from the front lines in the battle to discover the true self. From one era to the next, Rubin has proved to be a tireless cultural surfer, maintaining himself with a keen sense of balance on the thin crest of the *Zeitgeist*. Closing in on 40, Jerry is still looking for the perfect wave.

Even if you haven't heard it, Rubin's story, *Growing (Up) at 37*, is familiar, since it is a mainline romantic biography, a chronicle of the soul in crisis. It begins, as they usually do, with tales of early promise and precocious accomplishment, proceeds to an account of disillusionment and depression, and ends on a happy note of conversion and salvation. It is a habit of the saved to document their salvation for the benefit of the rest of us. J.S. Mill's *Autobiography*, perhaps because it is the most sharply drawn of them all, has come to stand for all such biographies in which the hero, reborn from some dark night of the soul, explains how he came out of it through the discovery of his emotions. Rubin, it seems, awoke one morning to find himself over 30, alone, and without a purpose. Living in New York at the moment of discovery, he sought to deal with his isolation and depression there but soon returned to the San Francisco Bay Area, the therapeutic navel of America, where he had no lack of institutes and training centers in which to seek his salvation. For wherever you are in the Bay Area, help is just around the corner. By his own account, from 1971 to 1975 Rubin submitted himself to bioenergetic therapy, sex therapy (three hours for $115, for which you get a lecture, love, and a post-coital debriefing), Fischer-Hoffman Psychic Training, Erhard Seminars Training ("est"), Tantric Yoga, Tai Chi, meditation, Silva Mind Control, Arica training, gestalt therapy and Rolfing. He also became a 7 A.M. jogger. In consequence of this smorgasbord of therapies, Rubin claims to be finally rid of such bad habits as egotism, paranoia, fear of sexual failure, all relevant chauvinisms and the obsessive fear of being rejected. In the course of purging himself of these sins he has made peace with his body, with himself, and with his parents, by which he means the parents inside his own head, the real ones being dead. *Growing (Up) at 37* is a success story for our time: Jerry Rubin is the Horatio Alger of mental health.

The logic of Rubin's transformation from political organizer to psychiatric acolyte is no surprise for it is built into the deeper agendas of the radical politics of the 1960s. The recent explosive growth of rapid therapies and techniques of mass enlightenment is a direct beneficiary of the collapse of the Movement, which left in its wake an enormous residue of unfulfilled expectations that political action did not and could not meet. The trail of fashionable and expensive therapies blazed by Rubin is almost routine compared to the post-Chicago career of Rennie Davis, who re-emerged in the 1970s as a disciple of the unfortunate Marharaj Ji, the teenage perfect master who had the bad luck to be denounced by his mother in favor of an older, and presumably more perfect, brother. There is historical precedent for the conversion of these former radicals in what happened to elements of the old Left in the 1930s who took refuge from the collapse of their socialist dreams in extreme forms of therapy which offered new ways to organize their revolt and carry forth their millenarian programs. Then it was characteristically Wilhelm Reich who provided the bridge from socialism to character reform, since his procedures for frontal assault on muscular rigidity and character armor seemed like psychiatric versions of the Marxist attack on the bastions of Wall Street. It is easier to abandon a revolution if you can do it in the name of revolutionizing yourself. Such shifting of gears has become far easier in the 1970s, in which Reichian assumptions and techniques have been absorbed wholesale by dozens of bullying therapies whose direct attacks upon the guilt-stricken egos of their clients appear to produce a quick high that is much valued by the perennially depressed as well as a sense of authentic presence in the world—a happy, if usually temporary, relief to those for whom alienation is the normal state of consciousness.

As a portrait of our time, then, this book has documentary value. In ten years or so, when we want to recall the spiritual shape of the 1970s, Rubin's memoir will be there to help us along. And yet how utterly sad this book is, how destitute of real human expression. Here is a man who, after all, has been in the eye of the cyclone for twelve years and who, at the end, hasn't a single observation about his experiences or those of his generation that isn't couched in the street jargon of Telegraph Avenue or the canned psychiatric language of Fritz Perls or Eric Berne. Apart from Rubin's inability to write, as a result of which the pain of self-knowledge is usually flattened out and rendered trivial, there is an absence of heart at the center of this book that a finer sense of style could not mask. For despite all the secrets so forthrightly disclosed, we cannot tell whether we are in the presence of a man who is groping his way toward emotional clarity or one who is still writing for the gallery. Nor, I think, is that distinction clear to Rubin. His deepest sins are confessed in language that, despite occasional flashes of wit, is formulaic and unyielding, allowing less intimacy than it pretends. Thus his reflections on how hard it has been for him to feel and love usually turn into propaganda

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for *our* improvement. Authentic revelations about himself and his feelings become lectures that effectively deny the poignancy of their initial insights. Thus, on the subject of his sexual problems and terrors, Rubin is reduced to writing this sort of stuff:

> The most intimate writing in recent years has come from women. Men, on the other hand, still believe in maintaining their male image. They have not discussed their emotions and pain publicly. I hope this book encourages other men to write about the collective pain we experience living in a patriarchal system that oppresses us almost as much as it does women.

Whatever personal truth may have led to such a statement has been sacrificed to the usual cant about the evils of *machismo*. Rubin, it appears, experiences his own life at the level of moral cliché, where even he may find it lacking in interest. That is one way to explain the short shrift he gives his own political history, which he summarizes in shallow "March of Time" fashion. Except in his fascination with his prior fame, he seems to view his former lives with relative lack of interest, as mere steps toward present realization. He was just, as they say, goin' through some changes. This relative deadness of affect may also throw light on the program of Yippie politics, its identity-affirming gestures whose relevance to real politics seem, in retrospect, to have been marginal.

Some of the therapies Rubin has taken up encourage the application of moral clichés, since they themselves view the emotions under the aspect of a few simple didactic principles. The Fischer-Hoffman course calls attention to the "programming" of children by their parents, even by generations of ancestors, while Werner Erhard (born Jack Rosenberg) of "est" lectures his clients on their responsibility for everything that happens to them. ("The Vietnamese baby is responsible for the napalm," is one of his more outrageous enlighteners.) That Rubin, who has been deeply affected by both therapies, doesn't observe the obvious contradiction between their basic theorems is some indication of the spirit in which he has taken his cure. To be fair, though, it should be added that Rubin departs twice from this otherwise insensate writing. The first time involves a discomforting account of how, during Fischer-Hoffman treatment, he discovers his murderous rage toward his mother and is made, under duress, to vomit her forth from his system. Later, Rubin writes a moving open letter to Abbie Hoffman who is underground somewhere in America. The 1960s, we are reminded, are not over for their many political exiles.

If this book has value it lies not in Rubin's tales of growth or lectures about our needs but in the glimpse he unintentionally provides at the therapeutic racketeering of our time, the awful American hookup between Puritanism and profit that has so many of us discovering our right to pleasure only at the cost of a stiff fee and some even stiffer treatment. In the midst of this country's economic decline, the profits being realized by the meanest spiritual hustles are enormous, indicating that discontent runs deep in those classes that still have the money to buy whatever abuse they need. Werner Erhard is quite straightforward about the situation, boldly instructing his clients that they are all assholes and that all lessons, including his own, are bullshit, which, at $500 per course, constitutes a unique sort of Zen-Capitalist *koan*: the sound of two hands grasping. The moral lesson of that *koan* is one that Rubin has yet to acknowledge: *caveat emptor*. But he is no stranger to the deceits of the free enterprise system, and it may be predicted that he will in time re-emerge into advocacy, this time on behalf of consumer protection. In his shoes, at any rate, that's what I'd do. □

The Mind of Poetry

POETRY AND REPRESSION. *By Harold Bloom. Yale University Press. 293 pp. $11.95.*

JACK BEATTY

"What must a poem be if it can represent a psyche?" asks Harold Bloom, DeVane Professor of the Humanities at Yale. He has been giving his answer in a prodigious production of books over the past decade, including *A Map of Misreading, Kabbalah and Criticism*, and the celebrated *Anxiety of Influence*. To simplify unpardonably, for Bloom a poem is a "psychic battlefield," the record of a war between the poet's ego and his id. Bloom's is not the ego and id of standard psychoanalytical criticism, however. In his theory poetic precursors take the place of parents. His poet is not repressing childhood memories but memories of other poems which have, as it were, lodged themselves in the deepest strata of his unconscious mind and which threaten to force their way into consciousness when he is struggling for poetic voice. If he is to write his own poem, not merely repeat his precursor's, the poet must "purposely forget" the precursor's poem—must repress it. He does that just as we repress things, by instituting defense mechanisms. Since, however, what he is repressing is a poem, his defenses take the form of poetic tropes—irony, metonymy, hyperbole, and their unpronounceable cousins—which Professor Bloom, with the aid of an ingenious chart, equates with reaction-formation, undoing, sublimation and the rest of the Freudian defense mechanisms. As a general rule (the disarming Bloom would say, "Bloomian rule"), the greater the repression the "stronger" the poem. Indeed, it takes the psychic pressure generated by intense repression to fill the poet with the afflatus he must have if he is to attain moments of the sublime.

In *Poetry and Repression*, Bloom first outlines his theory, then proceeds to apply it to selected texts of the Romantic and Late Romantic poets: "That splendidly dismal tradition in which modern poems intend some merely ostensible subject yet actually find their true subject in the 'anxiety of influence.'" As a theorist of poetry, Bloom is maddeningly unintelligible and perversely brilliant. His theory is an edifice of the esoteric. One part of it rests on psychoanalysis, the other on a schema taken from the Kabbalah, a type of Jewish mysticism which was given its authoritative formulation in the 16th century by Isaac Luria, a Palestinian mystic. The Lurianic Kabbalah furnishes Mr. Bloom with a formidably arcane vocabulary of critical terms, such as, "clinamen," "tessara," "kenosis" and "askesis," which, the reader should be warned, overburden his already laden narrative. With this book, in fact, Professor Bloom bids fair to set a record for Tinker to Evers to Chance sentences. The most egregious specimen: ". . . which after all became the tradition that led from Wordsworth to Ruskin, to Pater, to Proust, to Beckett and also from Wordsworth to Emerson to Whitman to Stevens to Hart Crane to Ashberry."

Such is the interest of Professor Bloom's theory, however, that it sur-

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mounts these compositional barriers. I even found the boldness of his speculative intelligence starting up an answering passion in me: I wanted to see just how far Bloom could take his theory. But the empiric in me resisted: *he* wanted to see how that theory would hold up when confronted with the resistant data of the poems.

It does not, in my judgment, hold up well. Not that it seems less "right" (whatever that means in matters of intellectual inquiry). No, it's just that this elaborate critical machinery appears, in application, to yield so little. For does it advance, in any way that matters, our understanding of Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" to know that the Hermit who "sits alone" in line 21 stands for Milton? Or that many of Keats's poems are marked by his struggle against the "covering cherub" of poetic influence (Wordsworth's)? Or that Tennyson wrote in the shadow of Keats? Or that Yeats had to resist the influence of a "composite precursor" made up of parts of Nietzsche, Shelley, Pater and Blake? And how, after all, does Professor Bloom know that the Hermit is Milton; that, indeed, Wordsworth's struggle to repress the memory of his great precursor constitutes the real subject of "Tintern Abbey?" He does not have the means of knowing, of course—as he would be the first to concede. For Bloom's theory has some of the epistemological perversity of Freud's. In both systems the grounds of knowledge disappear. Just as you can't speak against the hypothesis of the unconscious without having it thrown back at you that *your* unconscious is resisting the idea, so in Bloom's "system of misreading," you can't call his reading—or any reading—of a poem "wrong" without being accused of the dogmatic idiocy of believing in a "right" reading. There is, as Bloom takes delight in quoting Nietzsche, "only interpretation and the interpretation of interpretation."

Surprisingly, it is precisely as an interpreter of individual poems that the brilliant Bloom seems weakest. His practical criticism is too obviously at the service of his theory—in short, he sees the same pattern in every poem. No one before him has been so alive to the element of influence in poetry. But the protean character of poetry, its capacity inexhaustibly to surprise, vanishes at the first touch of his theory. For Bloom's is the imperious mind of the theorist. It is a mind of great and original power. But it is not that mind "undulant and diverse" which Montaigne thought the mark of the critic. □

Architectural Book Marks

JANE HOLTZ KAY

THE BATHROOM. *By Alexander Kira. The Viking Press. 272 pp. $18.95. Paper $7.59.*

Victorians still, we shun the design problems of that dirty little secret, that "necessary evil," that shrine of "taboos and guilts"—the bathroom. Snicker, giggle, gag we may, but in the decade since Alexander Kira first produced this work, we have seldom gone further. Perhaps we have come to be more in touch with our bodies, as the sensitizers say, but we have barely begun to consider how design elements are related to the treatment of the temple of abominations.

"The bathroom is, from a purely factual and functional standpoint, one of the *most* important rooms in the house," writes Kira. "It is the one space with which we have the most intimate bodily contact. It is the one space in which we are nude for prolonged periods of time. It is the first place we use upon awakening in the morning and the last one we use before going to bed at night." In sickness and health, in light and dark, it is a marriage we enter blindfolded. We may not entertain there like Elsie DeWolfe, preside there over the state as did Louis XIV, design in the bathroom *à la* Yves St. Laurent, or read there in the manner of St. Gregory, as the author tells us, but the bathroom still merits the kind of detailed testing Kira has been giving it for years in his Cornell laboratories.

Despite a sprightly style, his book is no mere witty and glib dissection of toilet habits or design foibles. It is a thorough, chapter-by-chapter analysis of the historical, anatomical, technological (though less so, alas) "problem aspects of personal hygiene." It has a totality that the "thousands of independently produced and often unrelated items" of manufacture neglect. If Kira succumbs to anecdote, he does not usually do so for superficial reasons; he dwells on what is important and basic—toilet procedure, water temperature, even skin absorption—as a way to chart the basic troubles too: no bars on tubs, no rotary action in sinks that are too shallow, the improper posture required by a toilet seat. Graphs of studies here show the ranges of body and arm movements in washing the face, for example, for the simple purpose of getting a water source "determined by the maximum degree of head and trunk flexion which is physiologically comfortable and at which the clothes remain dry," and then designing from there. Seem common sense? These are but two of the minimal conveniences denied by our built environment.

Even when an owner dotes on a bathroom, the dolling-up seems equally discomforting, physiologically, and more so, psychologically—with sleazy jokes or eagle-adorned toilets as ornament. "Soap is, of course, disguised as a lemon or a tomato or a rosebud," Kira writes. "The toilet paper is hidden in a filigree caddy and patterned with flowers. The faucet handles are swans or fish. The towel bars are ornate gilded finialed brass rods. The wash basin may have a crinoline skirt around its base hiding all those ugly pipes." The art of the irrelevant here as in architecture is raised to a fine art.

As the author points out, "relative to other personal hygiene activities, body cleansing is a complex, strenuous, time-consuming, and sometimes potentially hazardous undertaking. In 1972, the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development . . . [estimated] that 75,000 persons are injured annually in the United States using bathtubs and showers." For that alone (never mind the discomforts of, say, tub slope), some heed should be paid. For that purpose, and in order to include chapters on public facilities (the lack of which is a disgrace) and the elderly, who are the most feeble victims of improper design, the author revised and expanded his work.

The 1950s and the 1960s saw the development of the kitchen and the family room, perhaps the 1970s will turn to body care and bathrooms, Kira suggests. It seems unlikely. For if he lays the blame for poor bathroom design on the anatomical functions it serves, how does one explain the shortcomings of the other rooms in which we live? No, it is not prurience but negligence and indifference to the impact of the built world that blocks a humane and bodily view of design. We need a family of Kiras, probing and addressing every chamber of the public and private environment.

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. *By Theodore James Jr. Harper & Row. 180 pp. $12.95.*

THE TALLEST TOWER: Eiffel and the Belle Epoque. *By Joseph Harriss. Houghton Mifflin Co. 257 pp. $10.*

The Tallest Towers of old look diminutive these days. Maybe the Eiffel Tower

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lights fail! useless to flee! the house is breaking
splitting apart
bed bursting
dividing supports
disaster begins
threatening sleep
landslides start
earthquakes erupt
undermining the proud
shaking people up
forcing generosity

Jonathan Price

remains "a monument to itself, created by this century of the mechanistic revolution, the century that overturned all social and aesthetic principles." Despite such grandnesses, more of us envision the tower as toy dangling from a key chain or mourn it as the former high point of a city mounting ever higher nowadays.

As for the Empire State building, its loftiness no longer has meaning. Who can find the structure other than endearing, representing a kind of second-line chic wtih its Art Deco plume against the grimly utilitarian World Trade Center towers?

At any rate, we can hardly take either structure very seriously now, as evidenced by these slight if intermittently engaging books that bathe such edifices in tourist-shelf prose.

Of the two, the Empire State building book has rather the better photos but the most dated and shallow attempt at sweep. "Sixteen times Lamb drew plans for the Empire State. And fifteen times changes were made in the topmost portion, and fifteen times the shape, arrangement and appearance of the building were sketched, studied, altered, restudied and rejected. Bit by bit, this succession of plans whittled away ells and wings, carved away buttresses, and scooped out whole blocks of floors. Finally 'Plan K' came."

It is hard to say "whoopee" for a building more identifiable by its ground-floor restaurant or top-floor view these days. Yet it is almost touching to read the note on the mural describing it as "The 8th Wonder of the World . . . this triumph of architectural and engineering genius . . . (soaring) 1,472 feet into the sky—as high as all the original Seven Wonders piled one on top of the other." Where have all the wonders gone?

Wonderment is certainly a lost art; it always was a bit too close to awe (power overreaching itself) in cases such as the Empire State building. And Harriss's recording of the well-known apoplexy of Parisian artists and writers to Eiffel's plan is worth reading again too. One might enjoy the details (as well as a broader and better historical context), if the authors of such texts would refrain from studding their structures with P.T. Barnum figures ("during construction his shops would turn out up to 400 tons of girders and tresses per month"). Of the two, the Eiffel Tower's is the richer tale, historically, sociologically and technologically; it gives clues to our enchantment with mechanization dating from the Exposition of 1889, which the stunning Eiffel overshadowed but no more dominated than the buzzing, less compelling imagery of the machines housed within.

THE DECORATIVE ARTS OF THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES: Austerity/Binge. *By Bevis Hillier. Clarkson Potter. 200 pp. $12.50.*

"And what happened *then*, Daddy?" Hillier begins.

All those biting their nails to discover what the live-wire Englishman would exhume after he'd done the early spade-work on Art Deco will find Mickey Mouse gas masks and an Aalto vase, a plywood bed and a wardrobe with swastika, not to mention a U.S. torpedo, finned cars, Pegasus, a ballroom lamp, a domed exhibit hall and a lattice façade.

Despite, or perhaps because of, the book's jumpy graphics, the objects look poor. Even discounting our proximity to the era, it seems a period that produced a pretty thin *oeuvre*. The author offers cunningly art-full ideas (e.g., camouflage as the origin for later organic art forms), but it certainly seems that the best minds and eyes of the period were fighting elsewhere during "Austerity" and ossified with other kinds of excitement during the "Binge."

CROWDING AND BEHAVIOR: The Psychology of High-Density Living. *By Jonathan Freedman. The Viking Press. 177 pp. $7.95.*

Ethologists notwithstanding, rats don't reveal the ways of humankind and, as Jonathan Freedman shows here, what shoulder-to-shoulder living does to four-legged creatures ain't necessarily so for us uprights.

People can live in crowds. People don't have "territorial imperatives." People don't get violent when squeezed into cities. These and other counters to the cliché of the rabid, teeming masses are offered up by the Columbia University Professor of Psychology in this valuable summary.

"High population density has been much maligned," Freedman and his colleagues maintain. Their studies suggest that crowding per se doesn't matter; it's the conditions that accompany it. "Given the degree of crowding in the world and in its troubled cities, this is an extremely important finding. If the world cannot conveniently blame its problems on overcrowding, it will be forced to look elsewhere for the causes." Like the work on preventive design by Oscar Newman, this gives builders of the environment much to ponder.

"Natural man," Freedman speculates, was urban and gregarious; "accordingly, it seems odd to argue that living under conditions of high population density would have had bad effects on human beings." In this view, the modern city is no aberration nor discontinuity; hence repeating urban patterns of settlement will not make people less happy, healthy or wise.

To the uninitiate, psychological research often seems to confirm the

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MOISTURE
ACTIVE
FOOT CARE
TREATMENT
MASSAGING
THERAPY Softens
Miserable ?
FREE FEET
Stops
RELAXES "FOOT MISERY"
AMAZING FOOTCARE THERAPY
TREATMENT LOTION
One bottle eliminates using dangerous razor blades, knives, sandpaper discs, pumice stones, gadgets, harmful Salicylic Acid corn patches, callous pads, acid creams, lotions, salves, powders and sticks. Moisture activates away corns, callouses, soreness in bunions, ingrown nails, burning, tired, aching flakey skin, cracked heels. Stops odor, fungus, sweatiness. Wear any new shoe style. 4 fl. oz.
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obvious. We should not really need a William Whyte film crew to report that people sit where (*mirabile dictu*) there are seats. But, in a corkscrew environment where theories collect on the troubled seas like trash, and designs for vast plazas or voided suburbs derive from caged rodents and not humankind, this kind of primer is vital.

In lucid chapters, the author sums up research on the effects of crowding on animals and demolishes the off-the-top-of-the-heart theorizing and projecting of ethologists like Desmond Morris and Robert Ardrey.

Summing up his and other studies of the relationship between population density and crime "from Manhattan to Hong Kong," he reports that the "level of density under which . . . [people] live plays no role in the amount of crime they commit and there is no relationship between crowding and pathology." Freedman confirms, as it were scientifically, the street sense of Jane Jacobs that "a high density of people on the streets leads to less rather than more crime."

More surprisingly, in the private sphere, too, "proximics" (the study of personal space), reveals that crowding had no effect on the performance of certain tasks. Fascinatingly enough, though, several studies showed that men and women react differently, in a *social* sense, to space: "All male groups respond negatively to crowding, becoming more competitive, somewhat more severe in their sentences, and like the other members of the group and the whole experience less in a crowded condition. All female groups respond positively, being less competitive, giving less severe sentences, and liking each other and the session more when they are crowded." From this, Freedman concludes that density in life, like volume in music, intensifies the feeling: That is, if you turn up the density (volume) you heighten the reaction—good or bad.

All this suggests that much more research is needed, as the author admits. Why, for instance, are some high-rise Mitchell-Lama developments in New York successful and others not? This book is at least a good start on that and on a compilation of the state of the art of environmental behavioral investigation.

Despite some slightly glib optimism and a failure to break down density difference (e.g., when Freedman opines that services in cities are "better and cheaper") those who like cities and who envision an America the Diverse will welcome the psychologist's lending his support to heterogeneity—to keeping cities as cities, country as country, and to looking for the causes of our ills in social conditions generally rather than in the isolated fact of crowding. □

Woman of the Irish Renaissance

SEVENTY YEARS: 1852-1922. *By Lady Gregory. Edited and with a Foreword by Colin Smythe. The Macmillan Co. 600 pp. $15.*

DANIEL J. MURPHY

Seventy Years records the life of Lady Gregory from its beginning at Roxborough, the sprawling country home of the Persse family in the West of Ireland, through a period that ends ten years before her death at Coole on May 22, 1932.

Isabella Augusta Persse was the twelfth child and the youngest girl in the family; four brothers were born after her. The family was extremely religious, and Bible reading and the recitation from memory of Bible passages were daily occurrences throughout the year. The house contained no toys and few books, so the children lived outdoors, hunting, fishing, and enjoying life on a large working farm.

Since she was the youngest girl, Augusta gradually assumed the role of nurse to any sick member of the family. On one of several winter trips to Italy with a sick brother, she met Sir William Gregory. After several subsequent meetings, Sir William proposed to and was accepted by Augusta; they were married on March 4, 1880 in Dublin. An entirely new life was about to begin for Lady Gregory.

As this book makes clear, Sir William Gregory, former Governor of Ceylon, former member of Parliament, a trustee of the National Gallery—and thirty years her senior—was a man of great culture and sensitivity. After a brief stay in London, they traveled to Rome, Athens and Constantinople. When they returned to London, the Gregorys began a life of quiet social visits, usually interrupted by summers spent at Coole, their estate in the west of Ireland.

On a visit to Egypt soon after their marriage, they met Wilfrid Scawen Blunt and, if Sir William introduced Lady Gregory to society, Blunt introduced her to politics. He was already a passionate defender of Arabi Pasha, an Arab nationalist who worked against the British occupation of Egypt. Lady Gregory became interested in Arabi, which resulted in her first published work, *Arabi and His Household* (London *Times*, October 23, 1882; Keegan Paul, 1882). Blunt and Lady Gregory remained friends until his death in 1922.

Under the influence of Sir William's London friends, she began to regard Gladstone's policy of granting Home Rule to Ireland as reprehensible, and wrote so anonymously in *A Phantom's Pilgrimage* (London, 1893). Later, under the influence of Yeats and Blunt, she became an Irish nationalist.

This transition to Irish nationalism was gradual. Meanwhile, she continued her works of charity. In a section of *Seventy Years* entitled "Among the Poor," she recounts her life among the people of the London slums—the destitution then existing appalled her: homes with the barest necessities; children deserted or half-naked; families living in one room and sleeping on the floor. She tried in a small way to alleviate the children's condition by buying coal, bringing gifts, taking the children to the zoo or the museum, paying for their meals on these trips out of her own pocket, and giving an annual Christmas party complete with tree, clothes and toys for all.

Lady Gregory continued this kind of life until the death of her husband. After his death, she spent more of her time at Coole with her son Robert, living less and less in her London home. She began to learn Irish to be nearer the people on the estate, and she seemed destined to continue this existence to the end of her life. However, events in Ireland were moving in new directions, and gradually, Lady Gregory was drawn into them.

The first intrusion of the world outside Coole—and of the events transpiring in it—was her second meeting, in 1897, with W.B. Yeats, whom she had met briefly in 1896. During his increasingly lengthy stays at Coole in the summers, Yeats interested Lady Gregory in the theatre, in the language movement, and in the Irish Cooperative agricultural movement.

Through Yeats she met Douglas Hyde, the Irish scholar, George Russell, the

Daniel Murphy is editing selected letters of Lady Gregory to W.B. Yeats and of Yeats to Lady Gregory, to be published shortly by Oxford University Press. He is co-editor of the series, "Contemporary Studies in Literature" (McGraw-Hill).

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artist, poet, and journalist, and John Millington Synge, the dramatist. She also met other Dublin writers and artists, with whom she spent the final thirty years of her life.

The meeting with Yeats resulted, ultimately, in the formation of the Irish National Theatre Society, which began to produce plays by Irish authors in Dublin. This led to the formation of the Abbey Theatre, for which Lady Gregory wrote or translated some thirty plays. She was a director, a play doctor, and at one time, for a few performances, an actress, at the Abbey from 1904 to 1932.

Seventy Years is most interesting when Yeats enters the scene and when the Rising of 1916 occurs, for Yeats gives the book artistic life and the Rising political realism.

Yeats spent every summer at Coole until his marriage, and he wrote a great deal of his work there, sharing with Lady Gregory the creation of much of his poetry, and in that way enriching her life. One feature of *Seventy Years* is the comments Yeats made on the book, which are incorporated in the text.

The Rising of 1916 and its effects on Coole and in and around Galway are covered thoroughly. The insurrection itself and the executions that followed troubled Lady Gregory deeply, and *Seventy Years* reflects that concern. The book is a discursive, wordy document that could have been edited, if Lady Gregory had had the energy and inclination, into a more tightly structured account. As it is, it records the thoughts, activities, and hopes of the most interesting of the women who helped to bring the Irish Renaissance into existence. □

SPENSER, CHAUCER, DRYDEN,
JOHNSON, BROWNING, TENNYSON,
DICKENS, HARDY AND KIPLING

Ladies and gentlemen,
the English language
holds in the hearts of
each of you a place
where the poets lie buried
in a musty community.
Here is that place.

Think not of Shakespeare!
He's off by himself.
That's what he gets
for a girl at Court
and a wife in the suburbs,
and talking so common.
He had to go home.

London's no bargain
for those who remain.
We came in the rain
and left it to rain,
Madame's *wax faces*
perfect and the Commonwealth
compounding ruin.

Don't anybody bury
Whitman and Williams,
and seven as American
in one stony Corner—
and the rest of us neither.
Death is no anthology,
or a cough in the audience.

We all know how many times
a critic reads a book:
less than once. So if we
have to be buried alive,
let those who always know better
look for us one at a time
in the ground gone over.

Marvin Bell

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Watergate was one of the larger blots on American political history, an episode we lived through for months in a state of fascination mixed with bitterness and shame. But *All the President's Men*—from the book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward, screenplay by William Goldman, directed by Alan J. Pakula, starring Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford—is popular entertainment: witness those block-long lines that begin to form two hours before show time. So, watching it, I pretended as best I could that I had never heard of erased tapes or laundered $100 bills; that I had not sat evening after evening watching Senator Baker express his admiration for the public-spirited candor of the subpoenaed witnesses, or Senator Ervin demonstrate the excellence of his early instruction in the Bible. In short, I tried to pretend that I had just dropped in from Saturn for two hours and more of innocent excitement.

Looked at that way, the film is a splendidly proficient production of a woefully deficient script. For one thing, it is long on substantiating detail and short on real action. A great deal of time is spent showing Bernstein (Hoffman) and Woodward (Redford) hunting and pecking at high speed on late-model typewriters, cradling telephone receivers between neck and shoulder (they have become two of the most dexterous telephone manipulators in Hollywood), attending crisis conferences at which they plead with their superiors on *The Washington Post* that, despite the evasions, not to say anonymity, of their informants, they are on to a great story and should be allowed to stay with it. Bernstein and Woodward consume countless containers of coffee, lose many hours of sleep, pore over extremely long lists of "leads," and ring innumerable doorbells. But to the eye of the thriller addict, all this is mere atmosphere; it doesn't make the blood leap. And the elements that might do that are not available. There are no big scenes; no confrontations, no sudden illuminations. Indeed, there are no villains. Hunt never appears, Liddy never appears, Mitchell is a befuddled voice on the telephone, Nixon is dubbed in from newsreel shots, smirking that nervous smile. We do get a couple of scenes with a reasonable facsimile of Hugh

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SOMEONE YOU KNOW

Arms out, I turn. Wires in each hand,
I cross rivers, climb hills. When wind blows
I tremble but hold. You glimpse me walking
in snowstorms, over the mountains. I'm from
Bonneville or upriver, some falls or other.
Please do not forget me. If I
fall down, cities will flash and go dark.

William Stafford

Sloan Jr. (Stephen Collins) and a longer scene with a virtuoso facsimile of Donald Segretti (Robert Walden). But who was Deep Throat, that shadowy figure illuminated only by a glowing cigarette? He is the "masked rider" on whom the whole show depends. Are we to go to our graves believing that he was Hal Holbrook, the well-known character actor?

There is growing talk of danger as the film progresses, and there are those recurrent spooky predawn meetings between Woodward and Deep Throat in a cavernous subterranean parking garage. The empty garage, where footsteps echo and matches flare like alarm signals, has become a stock setting in mod thrillers. The audience understands, when the hero ventures into that labyrinth of cement columns and confusing exit arrows, that he will have to duck and weave through ricocheting bullets to reach safety again. But nothing of the sort happens to Woodward; it is a clear case of red-herring foreshadowing.

The film starts its hares, pursues them far enough to suggest that they were indeed real hares and then simply peters out with its loose ends all raveled. Did Nixon know; what did he know and when; why did the Cubans break into Democratic National Headquarters; did Chappaquiddick figure in the story; who wrote the fake Muskie "Canuck" letter; did Haldeman control the dirty tricks money? A well-scripted thriller doesn't end with all its buttons hanging loose, but of course this is not an ordinary thriller—it is tied to a segment of history so recent that if it strayed far from fact on behalf of fiction, complaints would be filed (some have been, but on matters of no basic importance). At the same time, it is hardly a documentary. It displays the acrylic polish, department-store chic that the British first made popular with their furled umbrella spy capers. And both Hoffman and Redford are far too recognizable, after far too many hit pictures, to lure the most gullible of viewers into the belief that what they are seeing is the real thing. If the stars are not enough to keep one's head clear, Jason Robards is on hand, playing Ben Bradlee, editorial boss of the two young reporters. Assuming that Bradlee really comports himself with the twinkly cuteness attributed to him by Robards's avuncular lines and tough affection, he must be the last of the great cornball newspapermen.

The effect of *All the President's Men* is not to make Watergate more real but to make it more remote. It moves CREEP out of political history and into the land of SMERSH. It elevates John Mitchell from a disreputable steward of political arrogance to a disembodied ogre of corruption. It glorifies journalism (and I agree that the *Post* and its news staff deserve some glory) with an updated version of *Front Page* razzle-dazzle. I kept expecting someone to yell "scoop." The only people in the film who project feelings that you can assimilate are the supernumeraries, mostly tormented secretaries, from whom Bernstein and Woodward sweated their drops of information. It is of passing psychological interest that, although they will speak no names, these victims of divided loyalty will answer questions by nodding their heads or confirm a hypothesis by remaining silent.

But the distancing effect of the picture may be the secret of its enormous success. People go to it, I'm reasonably sure, hoping somewhat morbidly that a screen re-enactment of the miserably inconclusive story, which began with a bungled burglary and ended with an opportunistic pardon, will somehow confirm their worst suspicions. It doesn't do that, and they should feel a bit cheated. But it does something else instead: it takes Watergate out of their remembered past and puts it in the pastime category of *The Ipcress File*, *Blow Up* and *The Manchurian Candidate*. A weight is removed —the guilt of having been of voting age and letting it happen—and the audience applauds, a response you hear only when the customers think they got their money's worth. Every country must find its own way to cope with national shame, and our way is characteristically American: we have packaged Watergate and are selling it at $4 a head. I await the musical version. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

I was wary of *Dying*, a ninety-minute film to be seen on Public TV channels at 9 P.M. on April 29, but I'm pleased to say I did not find it morbid. I think the reason was that there is art to this realistic film—a narrative and also symbolic art. And art does not depress.

"When I was asked to make a film about dying, it became an obvious if unwelcome opportunity to confront my own fear of death," says producer-director Michael Roemer, who also made the highly regarded movie, *Nothing but a Man*. "We set out to meet the dying, to listen to their stories, to try to share, in a minimal and peripheral way, their experience. Those who were willing to be filmed did so because they had something they very much wanted to tell us. They participated because the film itself became meaningful to them—their document, a part of their testament."

Dying has four sections. In the first, Sandy, widow of a young graduate student, describes her husband's death: "In a strange way it was a good day. We were able to share things. I read to Mark. I gave him his last bath. Then in the early evening he kissed me and said, 'Let's call it quits, Pooh.' And he died about a half-hour later." Sandy was left with two small children, and we see her kneading dough for bread in the kitchen as they watch; then holding hands in a circle with them, heads rather stiffly bowed, before they eat a picnic lunch on the grass.

In the second part, Sally, afflicted with a brain tumor, comes home from the hospital to die in the company of her mother: "Before I was sick I was a big healthy redhead, climbing mountains all over and having a wonderful time, and mowing lawns. And then, down, down, down. . . ."

In the third section Bill, who seems to be a lower-echelon executive of some kind, is also dying of a brain tumor; his wife Harriet, who has nice legs, is furious with him for not dying faster, so she can go out and find herself a new husband "before it's too late." Bill obliges his suffering Harriet.

Finally we follow a black minister, the Reverend Bryant, from his interview with the bland doctor: "I wish I could give you more encouraging news, but I want to be honest with you. There really isn't any chance of cure."

"It's all right, we goin' ahead," says Bryant, as his wife looks out the window

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into the distance. "I'm not goin' to die on account of death. Your telling me is not going to make me die."

Later he tells us: "I was a foster child. I growed up without parents and my life was very lonely, and then when I met my wife it was a God-given gift. I'd always wished for a big family. Christmas season when people began to visit each other, I was left out. I would walk by myself in the streets. And so it happened I met my wife and we was married, and she gave me a family, more than I ever had in my life." And here Bryant smiles, a great big smile.

The film ends with Bryant's funeral in his own church—his wife swaying in a front pew, strong responsive singing, people filing past the open casket, each one in his or her distinctive fashion, with attendants to keep even the wife from lingering disproportionately. Bryant's grown son, carrying a little grandson, places his hand upon Bryant's folded hands before moving on.

One is reminded of the great old novels, how they *showed* you ordinary life, before that marvelously broad genre was driven into a narrow corridor. There's the rage in healthy Harriet's face as her husband patiently dries his wig with an electric dryer and adjusts it on his sad shaven head while his two jittery sons stand watching. When her New England mother prepares their meal in the big kitchen, Sally from her wheelchair begs to be permitted to help, as the kitchen clock ticks on. She sits on her bed, her head with a shocking dent in it, looking out on the sunny wintry street while the radio plays a great symphony. We witness the Reverend Bryant's shifts of mood: he holds his despairing heavy head in his hands, then rouses himself to teach a grandchild to pray at the enameled-metal kitchen table and grins proudly at the successful little pupil. He gives a stirring last sermon ("People say to me, 'You know you have cancer, how you keep from crackin' up?' "), followed by music as he grimaces, his face suddenly handsome yet suddenly a skull, and shouts, "Somebody sing! Somebody sing! !" Then we see his large wife watching silently over him, an angel-mother both ethereal and substantial as the foster child falls gently away, in a sequence edited with care by Michael Lemle.

Dying is novelistic in other ways too. It is peculiarly a narrative, one wherein the progress of the tale lies in the unfolding of a *theme* rather than of the destiny of any particular character. Thus we go elaboratively from the stoic solitude of Sally to the greater isolation of Bill in the bosom of his "togetherness" family as Harriet snips a tendril of communication between father and son by interrupting them to state, "This morning I went to Oak Ridge and I picked out the lot. It was very simple." In the words of Tolstoy, concerning Ivan Ilych's deadly life: ". . . most simple and most ordinary and therefore most terrible." From there we move on to the old-fashioned extended family of the Reverend Bryant, in which children are also exposed to death as they march playfully in and out of grandpa's bedroom—death subordinate to its proper, bigger context of life.

The narrative is also maintained through a continuing symbolism which arises naturally and is exploited artfully. Like Sally in earlier days, Harriet too mows the lawn, but she and her power mower together constitute a single relentless engine. There's music, too, in the life of Bill and Harriet, their conception of it being in sharp contrast with that of each of the others: "All right, Stephen, *get on that clarinet.* Your father sent in a check for $21 for four months, and you are going to *play* it!" It's all elevator Muzak going up and down and nowhere; for Harriet, people seem to be replaceable parts and she herself a plug-in attachment to power.

Finally, *Dying* is novelistic because, for Roemer, language is as important as pictures. Sandy, for example, in telling the death of her graduate-student husband, employs a diction which contrasts significantly with that of the others: "A sense of the continuity of life . . . my role as a caring person . . . to die with dignity . . . a real breaking of bread. . . ." Sandy bakes her own bread not from necessity, as Bryant's wife may once have done, but rather out of a need as conceptualized as is much of her language. Modern educated Sandy struggles earnestly to make something spiritual for herself and her children. Armed with what she has, a consciously nurtured intellectual sophistication, she strives for what the old-fashioned Bryants seem to have—a natural emotional sophistication. The profoundest unity of Roemer's humane film lies in the implications of that connection. □

WITH LITTLE

I have found what I want to do—
to kill myself quietly
without tears.
I can do it slowly
in my sleep
or nourishing it
in me at my work—
jealous of those
who have died
because life's needs
were endless but death
was satisfied with little.

David Ignatow

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There are too few new "straight" plays nowadays to keep our theatres warm. Most of the big hits are musicals. There are occasional light comedies—farces really—and, for the rest, London imports. As a result, managers cast stars in revivals of the better examples of yesteryear. Theatre criticism is thus obliged to become retrospective.

Though an unqualified box office success, Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* caused a certain amount of controversy when it was first produced in 1962. Whether one liked it or not, there is no question that to a considerable degree it set the tone for American drama in the 1960s. Playwrights of the 1920s were more or less critical realists, with dabs of quizzical comedy or near satire; the writers of the '30s voiced their dismay at the economic state of the nation and its attendant human disarray and pointed their thoughts toward a (sometimes in-

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nocent) remedial hopefulness. The '40s and '50s repeated the theatric material of the earlier periods with greater emphasis on the personal, familial and "psychoanalytic" aspects of the situations they treated. Shock and despair were the keynotes of the late '50s and the '60s. Plays turned savage and nihilistic and—in certain instances, under the influence of Beckett or Pinter—to metaphysical or existential groping. The pervasive tone was somber, the comedy black. This led me then to call the tendency "the dramaturgy of the maimed."

Virginia Woolf was played practically everywhere: it was a smash, despite all objections, even in Israel, and when I was in Japan most of the questions put to me concerned Albee. His "poisons," it seems, were more antitoxin than noxious.

My usual answer to questions asked me about the new dramatic wonder boy was that I could speak of him with greater assurance in ten years: Albee was still a *young* playwright, and while I had hailed his advent on seeing *The Zoo Story* and had been impressed by *The Death of Bessie Smith*, all I could assert with any certainty about *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was what I had written in *The Nation*—it was a play "packed with talent."

My review also contained such further notations as "the pessimism and rage of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* are immature. Immaturity combined with a commanding deftness is dangerous." To this I added "[the play's] inferno is made very funny. The audience . . . laughs long and loud—partly because the writing is sharp with surprise, partly because an element of recognition is involved: in laughter it hides from itself while obliquely acknowledging its resemblance to the couples on the stage." But most of the comments were tentative as compared to my conviction that "at its best, the play is a comedy."

There is very little I would now revise in my praise or in the fault finding of that early review. But the two things which struck me most on seeing the play in its present revival at the Music Box Theatre were first, the brilliance of a dialogue that has very few equals in the American theatre, and second, that in certain respects Albee had grown.

I was not much concerned on this occasion with the play's "meaning." The parallel with Strindberg's *Dance of Death* seems to be an otiose consideration, the speculation as to whether the husband and wife of the play might be substitutes for a homosexual couple or the unlikelihood that any married pair could maintain the fantasy of having had a son who serves as a subject for their contention didn't matter much to me. There is in the writing a constant crackle of invention, a fluency, a leap, that are delightful in themselves, cleansing the play of many of its less fortunate elements. What is to be especially noted is that the writing is not, as, for instance, in Tom Stoppard's plays, merely clever, a matter of epigram, wit or fine language, but that it is speech of the theatre, a give-and-take of human exchange which is dramatic in itself. The dialogue is shaped into a maliciously sparkling dance; a duel of mind and will. If the play contained very few other merits, this alone would make it extraordinary, affording a special theatrical pleasure.

The touch of pathos in the play's coda led me to believe, as I said in my 1962 review, that it "indicates Albee's will to break through the agonizing narrowness of the play's compass." *A Delicate Balance* in 1966 justified the surmise: there is more compassion in it, a deeper sense of characterization, a fuller understanding, a broader significance than in *Virginia Woolf*, though it is not as sure-fire in immediate resonance. Then too, the ruminant drama *All Over* had a steadiness and objectivity of observation which surpassed all Albee's previous plays, except that the writing, as in most of the plays since *Virginia Woolf*, tended toward a studied quality bordering on stiffness. And the humor in *Seascape* was gentle and pointed toward humanistic sentiments. If none of Albee's plays exceeds *Virginia Woolf* in pungent force, all of them prove that he is by no means "finished."

There was so much excellent acting in the original production of *Virginia Woolf* that I was hesitant about seeing it again with a new company. I need not have entertained any doubts. Colleen Dewhurst as Martha brings a fullness of feminine being, an emotional sweep, a warmth in the most abrasive moments of scorn and derision, that makes one understand how such a woman would wound her man and still hold him, why for all her devastating attacks she harbors an ineradicable passion for him. The performance grows on one, although due to a particular trait in Albee's direction—of which more in a moment—one doesn't completely appreciate it as it occurs.

Ben Gazzara is at his best here. His George is compact with hurt, controlled antagonism, bitter resignation and brave, almost tender endurance. It is as if he were, after all, much more bent on protecting his tormented and tormenting wife than on destroying her, because he realizes that they are both caught in a trap from which only the intelligence of love offers escape.

Maureen Anderman, endearingly eager as the sea creature in Albee's play last year, possesses a sensually soothing voice and a sense of characterization which make her remarkably good as the sorry and absurd younger professor's wife who wants and is afraid to have a child, enriching the role with the proper mixture of the touching with the comic. As her husband, Richard Kelton is sound enough.

Albee's direction stresses overall rhythm. He appears to sacrifice some of the play's psychological detail for the general movement or pace of the dialogue. But one recognizes in the individual performances that he has communicated the essential nature of each character to every member of the cast. At first the direction may seem superficial, as though the play were only a fast-running joke, but one later becomes aware that, for all the direction's effect of general rapidity, the whole play has been encompassed and vividly set forth. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Compared to Kurt Jooss's *The Green Table* and *The Big City*, the two Jooss pieces that Robert Joffrey produced for the Joffrey Ballet's spring season are unimportant and, in the case of *Pavane on the Death of an Infanta*, not very good. *A Ball in Old Vienna* and *Pavane* might make better sense on an all-Jooss program, where they could gather sustenance from the stronger members of the family. Running on their own steam, they almost turn Jooss's studied use of the sleight of hand into something slight. Whereas *The Green Table* and *The Big City* zip along in vignettes to strong conclusions, *A Ball in Old Vienna* is a feuilleton. It's very nice, and so are the Lanner waltzes, and so what? Whereas *The Big City* startles by its brevity, the two new additions are puzzlingly short and peculiarly self-effacing. However, the audience's shrugs are pre-empted by Jooss's shrugs, which complicate the story. Well-made trifles are a confounding paradox, and the only way to work oneself out of the box is to distinguish trifles from triteness. *A Ball in Old Vienna* has too much amusing and gay dancing to be trite, and the relationship between dancing and story is too ingenious to be trifling. Finally, one must accede to the arrogance of a man who would craft well-crafted nothings.

Jooss uses the waltz as a frame in which a little story may be etched. A debutante favors one gentleman; her maiden aunts, another. In the end love wins out. So does the waltz, and that victory constitutes the ballet's overriding theme. It opens with a dancing master corralling the partygoers into a dance

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lesson. He teaches them to perch their pinkies as though holding a tea cup, to twitter their feet in tiny circles and to peer discreetly at their legs so that male admirers may notice discreetly their dainty ankles. The youngsters would rather waltz together than learn the etiquette of ballroom style, for soon after the lesson begins it disintegrates into coupled dancing—forceful, rapid, with a strong beat. Later on, Jooss sets up the same polarization of dance manners, and again the vigorous waltz triumphs.

An especially beguiling and artful hallmark of Jooss is that his didactic impulses are subsumed by deft, fleet choreography. He establishes a tempo that can't look back on the social points it makes. Maybe this is why his works seem self-effacing, but it is also why they are always ironical and tart—even elegant. In *A Ball in Old Vienna*, plot and theme are tucked away into the very thrust of the waltz, a thrust Jooss emphasizes by surging diagonals of dancing couples. "Dialogue" is half-gestured, half-danced, in strict three-quarter time. Since rhythm far outweighs gesture in a dance, it's possible though not likely to watch this ballet with barely a subliminal notice of plot and theme. And to see it that way is also to concur with Jooss's central idea that the waltz is indeed irresistible. A good dance point that, although many have made much more of it.

In *Pavane on the Death of an Infanta*, to the famous Ravel score, the deft touch does Jooss no good because the story he has chosen to illustrate goes beyond dancing's boundaries of expression, and inevitably that leads to corniness. Why does the infanta die, he asks? Because her heart is stifled by the Spanish court. The ladies and gentlemen of this court, in Velázquez attire, move in regimental lines, bow stiffly to one another (again with pinkies held just so), and execute a basic ballet warm-up step which Jooss turns into the central dance symbol of their rigidity. Countering their *tendu battement* is the infanta's *pas de chat*, a spritely jump. She runs and jumps in circles, but the straight lines and bodies of the court never bend. Finally the infanta sinks to the ground, raises her arm in a last futile gesture, and expires. The court dance continues for a moment, concluding with a bow toward the defunct.

Jooss's question and answer are reasonable enough on paper and absolutely silly in dance terms, as silly as was the Royal Ballet's past attempt to explain by means of a new prologue to *Swan Lake* why and how the magician transformed a princess into a swan. Such explications we don't really want to know once we see them danced out. Furthermore, the *tendu-pas de chat* war in the Jooss ballet vulgarizes his philosophy that every movement must have dramatic meaning. Most of Jooss's ballets are patchworks of classical steps and vernacular gesture whose "meanings" grow out of the dance. In *Pavane* Jooss equates steps with ideas in ironclad literalness, and because the steps are neutrally classical rather than vernacular, he must force those *tendus* and *pas de chat* into molds they naturally transcend. That is why *Pavane* is propaganda and his other morality tales, fables.

Robert Joffrey's decision to show us more Jooss is perfectly natural. The power and brilliance of *The Green Table* calls for more exposure for the man who made it. *The Big City* turned out to be second best, as was expected; and very, very good as was not so expected. Revivals of two more Jooss ballets come in on the tails of that happy surprise. The Joffrey company is a sympathetic and sensitive transmitter of Jooss style. The dancers understand its reserved, low-keyed tenor (an understanding that serves them well with the Robbins repertory also), and they can elucidate Jooss's wealth of detail without losing the sense of ensemble playing. In these ballets the Joffrey company sets a standard of modulation to which all other companies could aspire. Too, Jooss poses no technical problems to a group that has been plagued by weak classical dancing.

The revival of Jooss (early 1930s) reflects a new interest in the past. Now that dancing has proven itself to be an entertainment medium as well as an art form we want to redignify it by digging up its historical heritage. Solo dancers are reconstructing Duncan. There is great interest in Graham's early work, in part because it is early. In its cockeyed way, the drag Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo is playing on our memories of the Ballet Russe companies, not the least of which are scandalous rivalries between ballerinas. The Trockadero is a splinter group, and recently its star left to form a third faction. The José Limón Dance Company, which just had a week's run at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA, resurrected two dances by Doris Humphrey (1928, 1931). All of this is well-intentioned and, just possibly, subversive to the intention. Jooss is essentially a two-ballet choreographer whose other work succeeds, yes, but succeeds best when compared to the lazy, self-indulgent and alarmingly puny-minded choreography that's prevalent now. The

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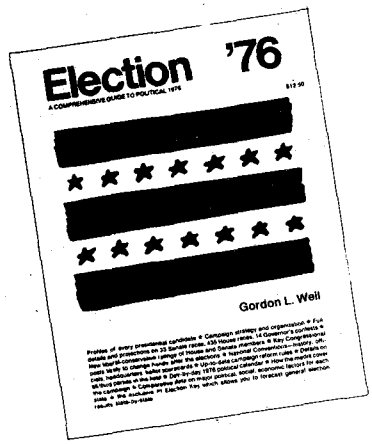

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Joffrey company has also revived Massine and pretty much run him to the ground with dispatch. The Humphrey revivals, *Air for the G String* and *Two Ecstatic Themes*, are blatant studio exercises. In their attempts to elevate spirals and stabs into kinesthetic laws, they are as didactic as Jooss's experiments with *tendu battement* and *pas de chat*. Works by Ted Shawn, Pearl Primus and Katherine Dunham entered Alvin Ailey's company with flourish, only to beat hasty retreats. Even the Limón pieces, some of which date from the early 1960s, already belong in the archives. Delving into the past is noble and good, but what if we've already seen what there is to see? □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Knowing the challenges and obstacles that faced the Opera Company of Boston in presenting the American première of Roger Sessions's *Montezuma*, I would not wish to belittle the achievement. On a pocket handkerchief of a stage, in a theatre with no pit (and, consequently, worse acoustical balance than any New York theatre regularly used for opera), the doughty Sarah Caldwell made a fair shot at what is surely one of the century's more difficult works for the musical stage. Yet the degree to which I feel unsure about certifying *Montezuma*'s stature corresponds precisely to the performance's evident limitations in scale, shape and detail.

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The libretto by G. Antonio Borgese (abridged after his death by his widow and the composer) employs the person of the chronicler Bernal Diaz as onstage narrator, framing flashback scenes of Cortez's Mexican conquest: the landing, the tales of a golden city, the futile delaying actions of Montezuma's ambassadors, the encounter with the girl Malinche, who becomes Cortez's mistress (Act I); the arrival at Tenochtitlan and the captivity of Montezuma (Act II); Cortez's sally against the rival *conquistador* Narvaez and the rebel Aztecs' siege of his encampment. As Montezuma pleads for peace, he is stoned by his own people, and the opera ends with an unseen chorus of clouds, denying Cortez the rain his beleaguered men so desperately need: "We shall rain another time."

This inconclusive ending seemed unsatisfying, but might be made to work; in Boston, it did not. The rest is not unskillfully structured, with a variety of well-placed solos, confrontations, genre episodes and mass effects. While the language sometimes manages a sonorous elevation of tone, it equally often falls into obscure verbosity, into an inverted elliptic speech that compounds the always difficult task of projecting words against a modern symphonic texture. Borgese was clearly aware of the need for what Verdi called *la parola scenica*; alas, he provided such words in almost undigestible densities and unlucid juxtapositions.

The singers worked with impressive fervor and skill to convey this text, and they might have succeeded if they had faced an exhaustively rehearsed, carefully moderated orchestra buried in a proper pit. Everything I could hear of Richard Lewis (Montezuma), Phyllis Bryn-Julson (Malinche), Brent Ellis (Cortez), Donald Gramm (Diaz as narrator), Joey Evans (Pedro de Alvarado) and David Evitts (Cuauhtemoc) was secure, forceful and well defined. But it was an uneven battle against players seated on the same level as the audience, with percussion placed almost at stage level and resounding directly against the auditorium walls, while fitful bouts of amplification helped not at all, since they spread the vocal sounds rather than reinforced them.

Still, all this was markedly better than the tape of the 1964 Berlin première that I heard nearly a dozen years ago, and so was the orchestral playing. Doubtless because in those sections the players could have their head, free of worries about balance vis-à-vis the stage, the orchestral descriptive passages —particularly two pantomime episodes early in Act II—made the most striking effect. But Sessions has written active, complicated textures throughout, and one longed for more shape and direction in their delineation. Miss Caldwell simply had not the measure of every measure, the rise and fall of phrase, period and section, so that too much of the work just trundled along. Nor could she achieve, with limited rehearsal and an orchestra skilled but essentially *ad hoc*, the clarity of contrapuntal lines that was so striking last month in Boulez's performance of Sessions's Third Symphony with the New York Philharmonic.

After a bow to the ingenuity of Herbert Senn and Helen Pond for filling our eyes and suggesting much more than crippling limitations of space and equipment permitted to be shown directly, it must yet be added that *Montezuma*'s verbal elaboration and musical scale demand much more than could possibly be offered in the wretched Orpheum Theatre.

Having suggested that it still remains to be properly heard and seen, I must add that the score of *Montezuma* proved consistently absorbing and wonderfully inventive. If in this performance it seemed insufficiently contrasted, and the drama incompletely focused, there was yet ample stimulus for further attention; few operas of the last two decades attempt so seriously to distill drama out of music, to extend the great tradition with such integrity and high purpose. Out of these arching vocal lines, strong rhythms and glittering textures, another performance, with intentions as fine as Miss Caldwell's but still greater resources, should be able to delineate more powerful musical theatre.

If *Montezuma* seemed at times to approach an overdose of musical richness, the appropriate metaphor for Josef Tal's *Ashmedai*, presented the same week by the New York City Opera, would be "placebo." To an even greater degree than in Alberto Ginastera's operas, the role of music is here reduced to that of mere sound effect—and, in the case of the lengthy electronic passages, drab enough specimens of the craft. With its unfocused suggestions of Brechtian social satire, this trivial tale of a placid kingdom turned over for a year to the devil (with predictable results) added up to little more than a playground for Harold Prince's directorial virtuosity—as slick a job of its kind as one could ever hope to see, pulling out every trick from Pirandello to Buster Keaton. It would have played as well without the music—and faster. □

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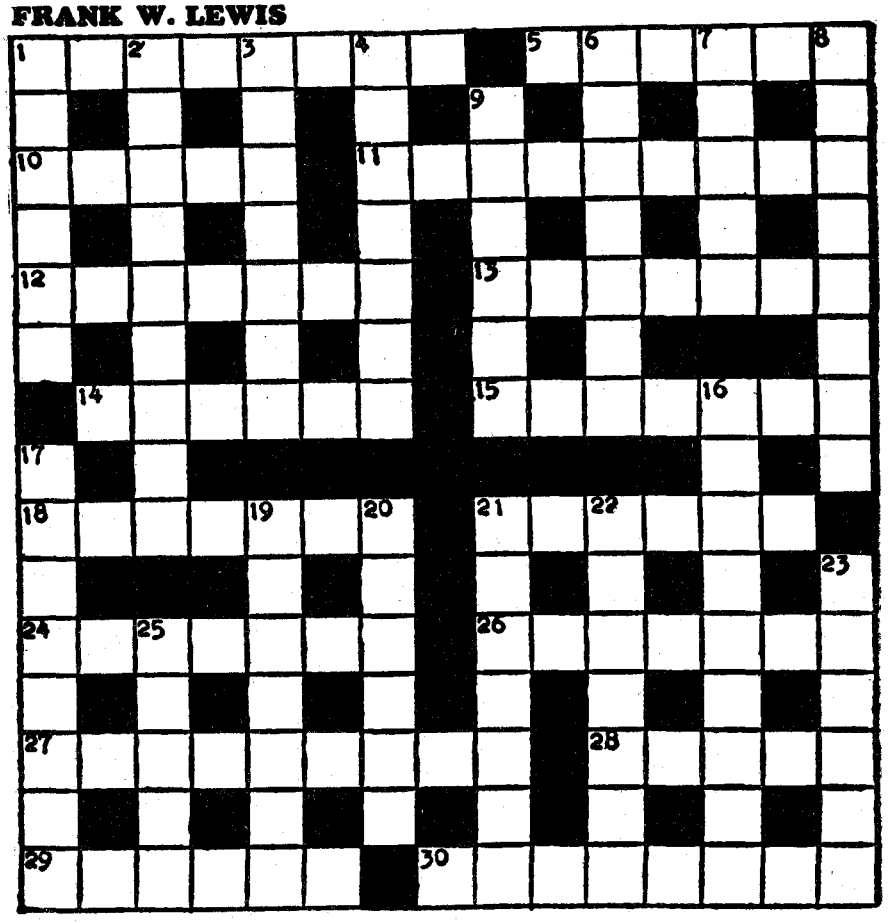
Crossword Puzzle No. 1629

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 Exponent of a guidance system that is necessarily inapplicable to solo flight. (4-4, 6)
10 One in the leading role might help you rise.
11 Is such a manner equally hard to come by? (4-5)
12 This should brand a movie absolutely worthless—the old silents would have none of it! (7)
13 Makes a mistake about a seastorm, but they could make correction possible. (7)
14 and 15 Perhaps what the conscientious gardener does might be used when there are too many minerals. (5,8)
18 What an architect sometimes does to a 10? (7)
21 When a good man takes a bow, this might make things a little stiff. (6)
24 Is this how some describe our times, what with birth-control, headaches, bennies and obvious misappropriation? (7)
25 E.g., mules and mixed vegetables. (7)
27 It is clear it's metamorphosed and true to nature. (9)
28 Bound to give or receive allegiance in Belgium. (5)
29 Ran amok with a word of agreement about wants, if bad enough. (6)
30 Miller's river ebbs, showing there's money in what graduates hope to be. (8)

DOWN

1 and 17 Early dumping of foreign products by those with brave pretensions. (6,3-5)
2 An old sight-seeing bus almost takes a chance about a horse, perhaps. (9)
3 and 19 Not a military post, though tanks are taken care of here. (7,7)
4 Even gas is dispensed here, and gets even the result. (7)
6 Ruling wrath mounts with the second part of the Bible. (7)
7 There's nothing in evil but the tenor of it, perhaps. (5)
8 Where lists are held, possibly. (The beginning of 6 is to attempt it.) (8)
9 So up we go—to town, possibly! (6)
16 Sounds like know-how in France? You don't say so! (2,7)
17 See 1 down
20 She has a wrong set of papers, possible. (6)
21 Films might be made to show how some are wed. (7)
22 Change licenses, and you have what might be like a backer. (7)
23 Letters to send not very far from 28. (6)
25 Comes up with something at your fingertips, but it's a plant. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1628

ACROSS: 1 Weather report; 10 Tweak; 11 Telegraph; 12 Hogsheads; 13 Susan; 14 Talcum powder; 19 and 27 Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall; 22 Wurst; 24 Persevere; 25 Rising sun; 26 Union. DOWN: 2 Emerge; 3 Take heart; 4 Entranced; 5 Rolls; 6 Pages; 7 Roadside; 8 Itchy; 9 Shiners; 15 Memoranda; 16 On the cuff; 17 Showers; 18 Ambrosia; 20 Menial; 21 Means; 23 Tonga; 24 Poser.

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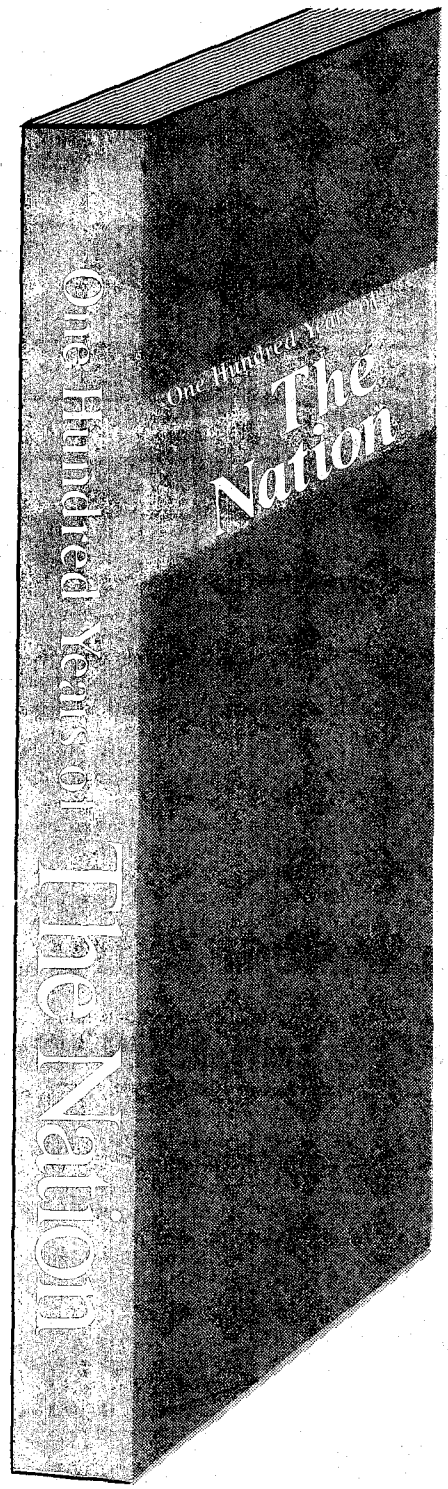

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